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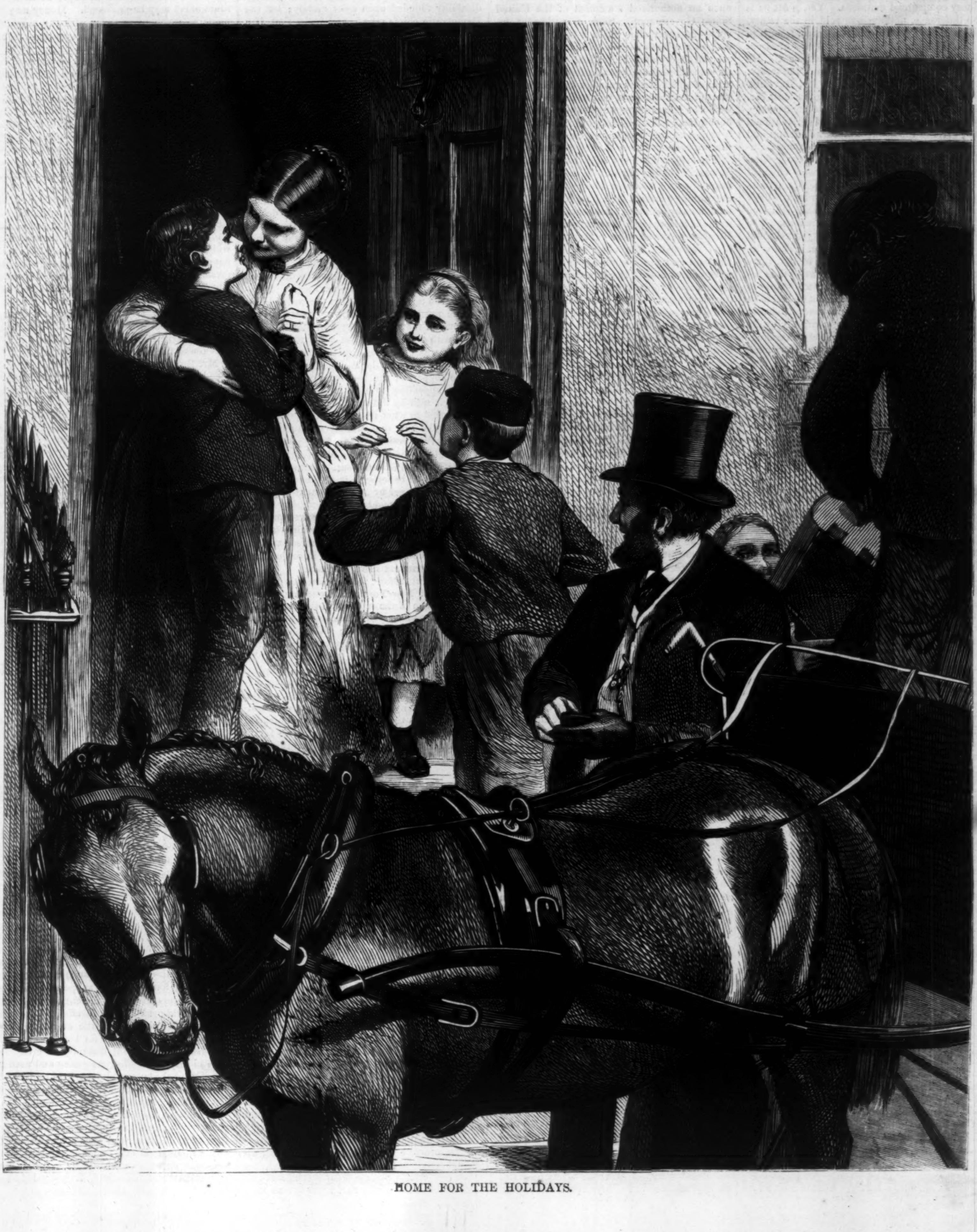


HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 25, 1869.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THE President, in his singularly satisfactory Message, which renews the confidence of the country in his simple good sense and sagacity, makes two allusions to the *Alabama* question. One is incidental, in speaking of enforcing the neutrality laws, which, he says, has been done in good faith, although it was very unpleasant, in consequence of "the suffering we have endured for lack of like good faith toward us by other nations." The other allusion is the firm statement of the American view of the *Alabama* difficulty. The President says, in general, that the nature of the injury to our commerce, industry, and production separates the *Alabama* claims from ordinary commercial demands. Yet, great as is the difference, nothing was said in the treaty, and not an inference could be drawn from it to prove the sense of the unfriendliness of Great Britain in our struggle for existence. He approves, therefore, the rejection of the treaty.

In a late brief pamphlet upon Mr. Reverdy Johnson and the *Alabama* negotiations, Mr. George Bemis, a master of the controversy, and an accomplished student of international law, reviews the conduct of Mr. Johnson and the instructions of Mr. Seward in a most conclusive manner against both of those gentlemen. He shows that Mr. Seward changed his ground upon the subject after Mr. Adams left London, and that Mr. Johnson wholly misconceived his instructions, and stultified himself by his assertions and admissions. The pamphlet of Mr. Bemis is a very timely and useful contribution to the debate. The original ground of the United States is, that there was a wrong to the Government as well as injury to individuals. Mr. Seward wrote to Mr. Adams, in January, 1868, that he had been very unfortunate if he had not made it clearly understood that a violation of neutrality by the Queen's proclamation and kindred proceedings of the British Government "were a national wrong to the United States; and that the lowest form of satisfaction" would be an indemnity without reservation to the individual losers, "in consequence of a failure of the British Government to preserve its neutrality."

Six months later, in July, 1868, Mr. Seward's instructions to Mr. Reverdy Johnson are pitched in a much lower key. He tells him first of all to open the Naturalization and St. Juan questions. If they can be satisfactorily settled, he is to "advert" to the *Alabama* claims; for it seems to the President that an adjustment can be made "without formally reviewing former discussions." Mr. Seward then states that a joint commission might be agreed upon to settle mutual claims of the citizens of the United States and British subjects. No word of wrong to the Government: no implication of any thing but ordinary claims. Mr. Seward informs Mr. Johnson that he is not authorized to commit the Government by such a proposition, but that he may "sound Lord Stanley" upon the subject when he is satisfied that "the two more urgent controversies" are in process of adjustment. Upon these instructions Mr. Reverdy Johnson proceeded to make the Convention of November 10, which was such a surrender of the American demands that even Andrew Johnson's Cabinet unanimously disapproved it. On the 14th of January, 1869, he made the treaty which the Senate rejected, and which Mr. Johnson said obtained "all that we have ever asked." Yet, notwithstanding that it covered merely mutual individual claims, Mr. Johnson, after the inauguration of President Grant, and when he knew that he was to be recalled, made an offer to Lord Clarendon of "only so far altering" the treaty as to include the claims of the Government! Lord Clarendon asked his authority, and declined to do any thing until he knew what the new Administration wished. Why did Mr. Johnson propose this most important supplement, if the treaty already covered "all that we have ever asked?" Any answer to that question convicts him of incapacity as a Minister.

President Grant now substantially affirms the original American position. This, as we have often previously said, involves a question of honor as well as of money. The "moral damages," for financially computing which Mr. Sumner was assailed with ridicule, are still claimed. But we must all distinctly understand that moral damages can not be settled by money. England evidently understands this, and she therefore asks by the mouth of every intelligent Englishman, "What is it that you wish?" There is not such an Englishman who does not say, "We wish to be friends, and we will do any thing short of confessing bad faith." If we in the United States mean, therefore, to demand that England shall own that her conduct was dishonorable, we have only to look into our own hearts to read the answer. There is not an American who does not know that, sooner than allow that the United States had acted dishonorably, the longest and fiercest war would be welcomed. The honor of England is not less dear to Englishmen than our own honor to us; and we assume, therefore, that unless we are resolved upon war with England in any case, we shall not ask her to admit that her conduct was rascally.

From the moment of such an understanding the settlement does not seem very impracticable. The exact international legal point, so to speak, must be waived, and become the subject of future conference. It may be waived, upon our part, under the broad declaration of President Grant in his Message, that "this nation is its own judge when to accord the rights of belligerency either to a people struggling to free themselves from a government they believe to be oppressive, or to independent nations at war with each other." The British Government should then express the sincerest regret for the escape of the *Alabama*, and its consequences; decline to enter upon the question of international law, but invite a future understanding upon the points involved; and propose to pay individual claims upon an authorized statement of the United States Government. Such a settlement involves no concession which it is not the highest policy of both nations to make in the interests of liberty and civilization. The offer of such a settlement proceeding from the Government of which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are the members most known in this country, would be an act of statesmanship not only most honorable, but leading straight to a more friendly understanding than has ever existed between the two countries since the separation.

The subject has been sadly confused by Mr. Seward's change of position, and by Mr. Reverdy Johnson's absurd determination to have every thing pleasant by calling it so. He was unanimously confirmed as Minister. He came from the Senate itself, the treaty-ratifying body. He was approved after other gentlemen had been rejected. The chief question between England and the United States was the *Alabama* controversy. It was a very natural conclusion upon the part of Englishmen that Mr. Johnson represented the policy of his country; and when every proposition he made was accepted, and the President and Secretary of State approved the result, it was, at least, not extraordinary that the treaty was regarded as *our* treaty, and that its summary rejection was an astounding surprise to England. Still, the British Government knew that the Senate was the ratifying power; that Mr. Johnson was not in political sympathy with it, however his confirmation might have seemed to disprove that fact; and that as Mr. Johnson's convention of November 10 had been unanimously rejected by a cabinet politically friendly to him, it was certainly not impossible that the later treaty would be rejected by a senate politically hostile.

It was a deplorable muddle; and it is due chiefly, as we said when the treaty was rejected, to the very foolish practice of the Senate in confirming any Senator who is nominated by the President to office. But the work is to be done over again; and there is no intelligent Englishman or American who will not heartily repeat the wise words of the President: "I hope that the time may soon come when the two governments can approach the solution of this momentous question with an appreciation of what is due to the rights, dignity, and honor of each; and with a determination not only to remove the causes of complaint in the past, but to lay the foundation of a broad principle of public law which will prevent future differences, and tend to firm and continued peace and friendship."

A TRULY "DEMOCRATIC" POLICY.

THE gentlemen who ordain the policy of the Democratic party in this State met recently at the Governor's in Albany to decide what should be done by the next Legislature. Those who have read the messages of Mr. Hoffman as Mayor, and who have seen his speeches upon municipal affairs, have observed the vehement denunciation of the system of governing the city from Albany. It has been supposed, therefore, by some unreflecting persons that the Commissions would be instantly abolished. This is indeed the simple logic of the situation. Consistency demands such a course. But it is a very unreflecting reader, indeed, who supposes that the Tammany chiefs are painfully exercised about good government in the city. The difficulty has not been the Commissions, but that the chiefs did not control them. The objective point of those chiefs, in the fine periods which Mr. Hoffman rounded in their interests, was the patronage and what is sometimes called the plunder. If all the power and possible profits of the Commissions had been in the hands of the Tammany chiefs, does any reader, however unreflecting, suppose that Mr. Hoffman would have lamented over the city as deprived of self-government?

It is, therefore, by no means certain that there will be any serious change in the present policy. Should there be an entire revolution, and the police system of the great and good Fernando Wood be restored, there would be a public apprehension in the city so profound that the Democratic vote, in its strongest hold, would be so seriously reduced as to imperil a continued Tammany ascendency. This result the chiefs naturally wish to avoid; and if they can bury their hands in the public purse by obtaining control of the Commissions, yet without disturbing the public confidence in the present system, they will be very likely to prefer that plan. This is plainly intimated in the accounts of the Albany council of the chiefs, and in the tone of their papers.

There is, however, one intention of the party which is, as it were, officially announced; and that is the withdrawal of the assent of the State of New York to the Fifteenth Amendment. This will undoubtedly be recommended by the Governor, and it will be done. This, moreover, is a clear illustration of the real character of the Democratic party. After a long and cruel war, springing from a denial of the equal rights of a large part of the population, slavery is abolished and its defenders vanquished. Common-sense and patriotism suggest that the question shall be finally settled by removing every disability founded upon color merely; but the Democratic chiefs refuse, and insist that, if a man is of a certain color, it is conclusive proof that he should not have an equal voice in the government. He may be ignorant, drunken, degraded, idle, brutish; but if his skin can be called white, he is a proper voter. He may be intelligent, industrious, sober, and the best of citizens; but if his skin can be called black, he is not fit to be a voter. This is Democracy; and this is its great cardinal principle to-day. And because of this, the ignorant and vicious, as a class, naturally belong to the Democratic party.

Of course the papers and orators of the party affect to argue the point upon other grounds. It was what they did during the angry debate upon slavery. They used to say then that whatever might be their opinion of the morality and expediency of slavery, it was a State institution, and the State recognizing slaves as property, its citizens might lawfully take their property with them into the territories. Property in the territories! Why, the entire Democratic party in the Northern States was the property of the slaveholders, and they did with it as with their slaves, just what they chose. Slavery was confirmed, intrenched, extended, and finally struck at the national heart, because of the support of the Democratic party of the North, appealing to this kind of argument. Now it is said by the same old party, which is still carried in what remains of the pockets of the slaveholders, that, whatever may be their opinion of the voting of the colored population, it is a subject for the States to decide, and not for the National Government. And when Congress proposes to settle it in the conceded constitutional manner by an amendment approved by the necessary number of States, they assert virtually that Congress has no right to propose such an amendment; which is simply saying that the people of the United States have no right to amend the Constitution in the manner that the instrument itself provides.

We shall, therefore, probably see this party in the State of New York gravely trying to save all that it can of the remains of the most inhuman and atrocious system in history. Although the final result is inevitable; although the conscience and good sense of the world and of this country hasten to equalize the rights of all citizens of the commonwealth; although it is plain that no other policy in this age and in our civilization promises peace and prosperity, yet the same inhumanity, hatred, prejudice, and dullness which, as the Democratic party, defended and sustained slavery, now struggles to retain as much as possible of its infamy and injustice.

THE SITUATION.

THE immediate advance in gold in Wall Street, and the fall of bonds in London, on the promulgation of the financial views of the Administration, may be said to indicate disappointment, but the partial recovery which has since taken place somewhat neutralizes this effect. The truth is, that there are speculators in both markets of immense power, whose action is due to their respective interests, and is founded so much more upon temporary than upon general influences that but little can be derived from market reports.

It is certain that there is to be no contraction of the currency at this session of Congress, and prices, therefore, will, as the year 1870 advances, be influenced as they have been by the amount of paper-money in circulation. The circumstances which for the present keep down the price of gold are these: that the Government will throw upon the market for the installment of half-yearly interest due in January nearly thirty-two millions of dollars in gold, deducting what will be paid on the Sinking Fund and other bonds lately purchased by Mr. Boutwell; that large shipments on account of cotton, grain, and provisions are still to go forward; that January sales of coin may possibly be ordered by the Department; that, although exchange is constantly absorbed, the price of it on the closing of the second week of December is low, and that there are no indications of a foreign demand for the balances temporarily invested on foreign account in Wall Street, and none for the present that our bonds held abroad will be returned.

If these indications continue, Wall Street may be induced to wait until after the January payments of interest shall be absorbed before undertaking to put up the price of gold to the point at which it has heretofore been maintained as the effect of the continued circulation of seven hundred millions of paper currency. But by reason of enlarged circulation in the South, and somewhat to the unfortunate tendency in California to allow the displacement of its gold circulation by one of paper, the power of the latter here is partially reduced.

Jacob, in his work on the precious metals, dedicated to Mr. Huskisson, then British Minister, stated that the long-continued habit of the great commercial nations at that time to rely upon paper issues had disturbed the industry in the few mines then worked in Mexico and South America; and it may be that California may be so debauched with paper as that the same effect may be produced. Money may be made so much more easily with the printing-press than with labor in the mines that this effect is not impossible. But a failure to keep up the supply of bullion would be lamentable; for it renders the return to specie payments more difficult. The advantage of the Pacific Railroad to California will be greatly neutralized if it shall induce laborers to withdraw from the important industry in her gold and silver mines. The feature of an increase in the promises to pay bullion on the part of important nations, and of a simultaneous diminution in its production, would again be repeated in the history of commerce.

Italy and Russia are largely increasing their paper circulation, which produces a glut of specie in countries more wisely regulated. The United States, notwithstanding these events which are favorable for a return toward specie payments, seems inclined to postpone for the present all steps in that important direction. There will consequently be a powerful tendency toward expelling bullion to the non-banking countries, such as China, India, and Japan, there to be hoarded. Our true relations to the world at large are not wisely considered in this decision of the Treasury Department.

Mr. Boutwell, in his annual report, recommends that the three per cent. certificates, amounting, with compound interest notes convertible into them, to a fraction short of fifty millions of dollars, shall be redeemed, and that, as a compensation for their withdrawal from banks which now hold them as a reserve, thirty-five millions of new bank capital and circulation be authorized by Congress. The Comptroller of the Treasury, who more nearly agrees with the committee appointed by the national banks, in his annual report, recommends free banking and unrestricted issues. The door to expansion is thus opened to Congress, and the next few months will inform us what will be done in pursuance of these plans. Will the proposed limitation of the Secretary be obeyed, or will the New York system of free banking be established?

We long ago stated that neither at the last nor at this session would any steps be taken to enforce contraction. Next year members of Congress are to be elected, and on both sides success is deemed of too great consequence. The complexion of the next Congress is relied upon to fix the issues for the Presidential campaign; and this great question of finance is consequently postponed.

The surplus of grain which is exported to Great Britain fixes the price in full seasons of the whole production. Our farmers are beginning to find out that, while they sell at gold prices, they produce at extravagant currency prices, which will educate them into sound notions of money and industry. We hear in all quarters of a greater willingness to return to specie payments than before the late, and to them hurtful, fall in gold. It is an extraordinary state of things that a mechanic can earn a barrel of flour per day. The grade of flour which is shipped for the consumption of laborers in England sells for only about $4 75 per barrel. It was unwise on the eve of great activity of our shipments of cotton, flour, and provisions to beat down the price of gold, when there was no intention to follow it up by an equal contraction of the currency.

Cotton and pork are less affected by the fall in gold, because they stand on special grounds. The production of cotton is supposed by English manufacturers to be insufficient for the wants of the world; and being insufficient, the producers of it may control the market. Pork, by reason of the demand for lard and oil, and because of the present difficulty in producing hogs in the South—they are stolen and used by one class of the community—is held by Western farmers with unusual firmness; but their wheat can not be sold at remunerative prices.

We lately referred to the cable telegram announcing failures in England. The Messrs. Pim, one of those who failed, had establishments in England and Ireland, and their business was on an extensive scale. "This failure," says the Manchester *Guardian*, "is looked upon as a serious matter, and an impression prevails that the recent heavy fall in the value of grain will cause much embarrassment in the trade. Possibly, however, the difficulties are less serious than are represented, and the actual position of the trade may not be more unsound than it was at this time last year. It will be recollected," the paper adds, "that during the closing months of 1868 a rapid fall, amounting to about 20*s.* per quarter, from the highest point of the year, took place in wheat." The whole importation of wheat into the ports of Great Britain, from the first of September to the 20th of November, was 11,002,972 cwt. against 6,929,161; and of flour, was 1,615,115 cwt. against 819,659 for the corresponding period last year. But as their chief reliance for their supplies of grain is upon shipments from the United States, including California, the depression is due as much, if not more, to the fall of grain in our market than to the excess of importation. Unusual supplies will be required in England up to the period of the next harvest. The country, therefore, will readily see to what influences we are indebted for our present condition.

If the persistent pressure to lower the price of gold to the limits fixed by the Treasury, which is affecting trade in all its departments most injuriously, were accompanied with the permanent relief which will arise from firmly proceeding toward specie payments, no just complaint could be made of the policy, for it will ultimately bring all to the same platform; but no such indications appear—on the contrary, prices must mount upward, and the same experiments upon our industry must be repeated hereafter.

The great lesson should be impressed upon our great farming interest by these events, that so long as their prosperity is suspended "upon the wings of paper-money," they will be subjected to these vicissitudes of change, and that their safety depends altogether on reaching the solid ground of specie payments.

THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

It has been so vehemently asserted that the President favored the recognition of Cuban belligerency or independence, that the sensible, conclusive, and truly American remarks upon the subject in his Message must have greatly surprised somebody. General Grant says what has been constantly maintained in these columns and in many others, as by all who have fairly studied the subject, that "the contest has at no time assumed the conditions which amount to a war in the sense of international law, or which would show the existence of a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents sufficient to justify a recognition of belligerency." He says, moreover, what we stated at the time was all that the United States could honorably do, that the Government has offered its mediation, but, of course, without a threat, and that it is to be hoped that our good offices may yet be of service.

The position of the United States is thus accurately and authoritatively defined. It is its traditional position; and it is because of its faithful adherence to it that the neutral fame of the country is so spotless. The President says what Henry Clay as Secretary of State said nearly fifty years ago, that while we sympathize with all people struggling for liberty and self-government, yet we do not enforce our views nor take part without invitation, and that our course should be always governed by "strict justice and law, international and local." Indeed, the more the Message is considered the more satisfactory and truly patriotic it seems; recalling the sense and honesty of Mr. Lincoln's, and nobly contrasting with the special pleas for injustice which the messages of Democratic Presidents had become. Since the lackeys of slavery disappeared from the White House the whole country breathes a fresher air. The Government no longer invents excuses for infamy. At last the President speaks like the chief magistrate of a truly free and self-respecting people.

THE MARSHAL OF SOUTHERN NEW YORK.

The New York *Tribune* strenuously urges that the United States Marshal of this district be removed, and General Sigel appointed in his place. It does not allege that the Marshal is an incompetent or dishonest officer, nor that he is not a faithful Republican; but it asserts that General Sigel's "consent to run for Secretary of State" saved the Republican party from "utter rout and demoralization" in the late election. General Sigel's services to the country are part of our history. His nomination for Secretary of State was heartily approved by the Republican party of New York, as the vote showed. He is a gentleman against whom no evil is breathed. But we very greatly mistake General Sigel, and the great body of intelligent Republicans who supported him, if they think that a most efficient and admirable officer of the United States, of the General's own party, should be removed in order to make a place for him. They know that this is the very worst practice of our civil service, and that nothing has done so much to degrade and demoralize our politics as the course which the *Tribune* urges.

It is true that Marshal Harlow has not been confirmed. But he was appointed by the President upon grounds of character, experience, and fidelity. He is as good a Republican as there is in the State; but his appointment was not what is technically called political, any more than that of his predecessor, General Barlow. Indeed there was, as will be remembered, a loud outcry against General Barlow because he refused to do the bidding of certain committees. Undoubtedly similar influences oppose the confirmation of Marshal Harlow. He can not, however, be opposed because he is not in every way fit for the place, nor because he is not a good Republican, but solely because he is not the choice of a certain political clique.

Upon the other hand, it is not said that General Sigel would not be an efficient Marshal, nor that he is not an equally faithful Republican, and there are thousands of good men in the State of whom the same might be said. But it is precisely in such a case as this that an admirable officer should be retained, if ever the deplorable system of our civil service is to be corrected. It is the very case in which President Grant can stand fast by that most admirable and independent declaration in his Message: "Nor has there been any hesitation in sustaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." The President may be sure that the most intelligent and patriotic men of his own party will heartily and hopefully support him in every firm stand that he may make against the prostitution of the public service to the merest party purpose.

CHARACTER.

When it was asserted that General Grant had been an accomplice in the gold scandal, although the assertion was eagerly repeated in many quarters and insidiously deprecated in others, the country did not believe the report for a moment. The President's character was his armor from which the shafts of venomous hostility dropped harmless. In like manner, if it should be alleged that Bishop Simpson had an interest in some vast scheme of forgery of the currency, a smile of contemptuous disbelief would overspread the whole country. The bishop's character defends him from slander. Against a vague assertion, therefore, undoubtedly a man's character or good name protects him. But is it equally sure to screen him under other circumstances? If by misapprehension of any kind, meaning any thing but ill, he is placed in an equivocal situation, is it not a quite universal fact that the circumstances are interpreted against him? Is he not very likely to be hunted, under a cry of protecting public virtue, with a ferocity and sheer injustice which are infinitely more prejudicial to the public virtue than any specific act which might be proved against him or any man whatever?

Suppose he has been misinformed, suppose he has acted hastily, or expressed himself warmly, is the worst view of the case likely to be the truest? and must a man, who is at the most mistaken, be treated as if he were a conspirator against social order and common morality? Is his character of no avail against insinuations and accusations that could not be more malignant if they were urged against the most notorious reprobates? Undoubtedly, the higher a man's standing, and the purer his fame, the more careful he should be, because of his greater influence. He has become a representative man, and other men correct themselves by his conduct as they dress themselves before a glass. But we appeal to experience whether, when the doubtful circumstance gathers about such a man, the tone of the censure does not suggest a suspicion of the gratification of mean feeling, rather than regard for the public virtue. Public virtue requires, first of all, that the truth be told, not that a sensation be created, nor reckless vituperation poured out. Public virtue imperatively demands the steady declaration that if circumstances seem to implicate a man of unspotted fame, his character is his sure defense until ill intent be proved; and if no ill intent, but mere misapprehension be established, then public virtue requires that outrageous insinuation and infamous insult not only cease, but that the most ample reparation and apology be made.

The power of the press in this country is tremendous. But are "newspaper men" more feared for their power or respected for their use of it? A chorus of great journals can produce a thunder in which the after still small voice of truth is utterly lost. They may join in a vehement denunciation of any man, and if there be any apparent reason, he can only bow to the blast, and await the judgment of a calmer hour. But a wise man, in the stormy crisis of assertion, will oppose character to character. Here, on the one hand, may be a man whose good name and blameless life and lofty principle are known of all men; on the other, a chorus which yesterday perhaps saluted a rich man as if he were therefore a public benefactor. Suddenly the chorus turns, we will suppose, upon the man of good name, and denounces him as a betrayer of the religion he professes, and a blasphemous subverter of social order. Until the facts are known, and the purpose proved, which stands strongest in the storm—the character of the man or that of his denouncers? And if misapprehension be at last proved, and with it an act to be regretted, what rancorous epithet or strain of mad denunciation is left for intentional evil-doers?

RELEASE OF THE GUN-BOATS.

The Spanish gun-boats have been released upon the same ground with the Peruvian monitors eighteen months ago, that no active war exists between Spain and Peru. If this be the fact, the pledge of the Spanish Minister that the ships were not to be used against Peru is wholly superfluous. For why should he promise that they will not be turned against a government with which Spain is at peace? If, for any reason, the United States had wished to detain the gun-boats, there was undoubtedly sufficient ground in the admissions of the Spanish and Peruvian Ministers in the summer of 1868. If, on the other hand, it wished to release them, it had grounds enough in its permission for the departure of the Peruvian monitors. Indeed, upon its own showing the Peruvian Government had no case. If it was fair, as it alleged, that the United States should release the Peruvian monitors nearly two years ago, it can not be very unfair in its view to release the Spanish gun-boats now.

The action of the United States in releasing the Peruvian monitors proceeded upon the principle stated by Mr. Seward to Mr. Goni, the Spanish Minister: "War can be raised without authoritative declaration of war; peace may be restored by long suspension of hostilities, without peace being made. History is full of examples. What time should elapse to justify presumption of peace has not been settled. It must be determined with reference to collateral facts and circumstances.' Yet at the very time that Mr. Seward wrote, the Peruvian Minister asserted that war had ceased in fact only, not in principle, and might at any moment be renewed.

By releasing the gun-boats, therefore, the United States seem to declare that, although war may still exist in principle between two nations, yet a suspension of hostilities, which "may be renewed at any moment" relieves a neutral from its obligations. Thus if Spain, upon obtaining her fleet, should immediately proceed with the fresh strength so acquired to reopen the war with Peru, with every prospect of speedy triumph, the United States would not have violated their neutrality. The practical improvement would therefore seem to be that if a European nation, waging war with any American power, finds herself at a disadvantage, she has only to suspend hostilities, build a fleet in our ports, secure its departure upon the plea that active hostilities do not exist, and when the fleet is fairly at sea renew the war.

This is certainly a very liberal interpretation of neutral duties. But it would be interesting to know, under the circumstances, why the United States should not have demanded of Spain some proof that the war would not be renewed, or some explanation of the fact that, notwithstanding the alleged peaceful disposition of the countries, there is as yet no treaty, no formal and recognizable security of peace.

Governor Hoffman made a little speech at the opening of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which he airily ended by saying: "And, my friends, notwithstanding I have said something in favor of legislation, I beg to assure you if you need any thing this winter to help you with this enterprise—if you come to Albany, unless the bill is a very objectionable one, I will promise not to veto it." If, for instance, the bill should continue in office directors who were elected for a specified term, there would be nothing in the least objectionable to an airy Executive who signed the Erie bill.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 6.—The second session of the Forty-first Congress commenced at noon, a quorum being present in both Houses. Beyond reading the President's Message, very little business was done. Among the bills introduced in the Senate was one to prohibit the importation or immigration of Chinese under contracts, and one providing for the execution of the laws against polygamy in Utah.—In the House, a resolution, declaring Virginia entitled to representation, was referred to the Reconstruction Committee.

December 7.—In the Senate bills were introduced to amend the Civil Rights bills; to amend the Banking act and provide for a return to specie payments; to amend the Homestead bill, so as to require the planting of trees on the reservations; and a bill for the relief of members of Congress and heads of Departments from the importunities of office-seekers, making it a penal offense for Congressmen to assist applicants for office, allowing them only to give information when requested to do so, in writing by those holding the appointing power. Bills were introduced in the House to repeal the Tenure-of-Office act, in accordance with the suggestions in the Message; to abolish the franking privilege; to repeal the duty on salt, tea, coffee, and on printing and writing paper; to establish a uniform system of naturalization; to prevent members of Congress from accepting or holding positions of trust under the President, and a bill to prohibit the sale of coin by the Government.

December 8.—In the Senate a joint resolution was offered by Mr. Williams, of Oregon, to the effect that a State Legislature having once ratified a constitutional amendment, any further action on it shall be void. A bill, repealing the laws requiring the test-oath, was introduced by Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut.—In the House, Mr. Morrill, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to fund the National debt at a lower rate of interest. The Census bill was taken up, and Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, explained wherein it differed from that under which the census of 1860 was taken. He said that the number of Representatives had been fixed by the Committee at 300, as by taking this number no State would lose a member of Congress.

December 9.—No business of importance was transacted in the Senate. In the House a resolution was offered, directing inquiry to be made into the cause of the recent gold panic.

December 10.—The Senate was not in session. Among the bills introduced in the House was one to relieve political disabilities, and an additional uniform Naturalization bill. A petition for the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, signed by 72,000 citizens of New York, was presented.

December 11.—In the House the Census bill was debated, and was ordered to be printed. A bill was introduced to dispense with spies and informers in the Internal Revenue service.

THE MESSAGE AND DEPARTMENT REPORTS.

The first annual Message of President Grant was read in Congress on the 6th instant. It furnishes a brief but comprehensive summary of the domestic affairs of the country and its foreign relations. It calls attention to the general prosperity of the nation; to the fact that seven of the States that passed ordinances of secession have been fully restored to their places in the Union; that the freedmen are making rapid progress in learning and the industrial arts; that the means of paying the interest on the public debt and meeting all other expenses of the government are more than ample; and suggests that immediate attention should be given to the state of our commerce. The Message recommends such legislation as will insure a gradual return to specie payments, and put a stop to fluctuations in the value of currency. It also recommends the renewal of the income tax, at a reduced rate, for three years. In regard to foreign relations the message recites the successful measures adopted by the Government to preserve neutrality in the contest between Spain and the South American republics and the insurgents in Cuba, and calls attention to the present state of the *Alabama* negotiations with England. The President expresses the hope that these negotiations, interrupted by the rejection of the *Alabama* treaty, may soon be resumed and brought to a favorable termination. In regard to ocean telegraph cables the President calls attention to the exclusion of American capital from competition with a foreign company on the shores of France, and recommends special legislation to protect the rights of American citizens from this assumption. He also states that he will endeavor to secure by negotiation an abandonment of the principle of monopoly in ocean telegraphic cables.

The Secretary of the Treasury calls attention to the reduction of expenses in his department, amounting to over half a million dollars per annum. He has made arrangements for the manufacture of paper for the currency and other obligations of the United States, and for the printing of the same, which will increase the security against counterfeiters. He states that, including interest earned and not paid, and deducting cash on hand, the debt of the United States on the 1st of March last was $2,525,463,260 01, and subject to the same conditions it was $2,453,559,735 23 on the 1st of the present month, showing a decrease of $71,908,524 78. The Secretary proposes to delay resuming specie payments until a part of the Five-Twenty bonds can be funded in a new 4½ per cent. gold loan, which he would limit to $1,000,000,000, or at most $1,200,000,000, one-third payable after fifteen and within twenty years, one-third after twenty and within twenty-five years, one third after twenty-five and within thirty years, for which Five-Twenties should be exchangeable, which National banks should be required to keep as the basis of their circulation, which should be free from taxation, and the interest of which should be payable either here or at the leading money centres of Europe, as might be desired.

The Postmaster-General reports that there are in the United States 27,106 postmasters, an increase during the past year of 625. Of these 980 are appointed by the President and Senate, and the remainder by the Postmaster-General. During the past year there were received at the Dead-Letter Office 3,952,862 letters. The money-order system has been a gratifying success. The business has grown from $1,360,122 in 1865, to $24,848,058 in 1869, and the last year paid a profit to the Department of $65,553.

The Secretary of the Interior announces an increase of more than a hundred per cent. on last year's cash receipts, and the disposition by sale and pre-emption of five and a half millions of acres of land, while less than seven hundred and fifty thousand acres have been given away to railroad companies.

The Secretary of War suggests a plan of military organization by which the army would be reduced from 52,434 men to 42,650, of which two-thirds could be relied upon for active service. The expenses of the Quarter-Master's department have been reduced $14,500,000.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

In accordance with instructions from Washington the Spanish gun-boats, detained at New York, were discharged from the custody of the United States authorities on December 10, and were taken possession of by the Spanish officials.

The season just closed presents a sad record for the Gloucester, Massachusetts, fishermen. Sixteen vessels were wrecked, involving a pecuniary loss of more than $84,000; and fifty-six fishermen were drowned, leaving twenty-two widows and twenty-eight fatherless children.

A San Francisco police justice has declared the California State law denying the Chinese the right to testify in the courts to be in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

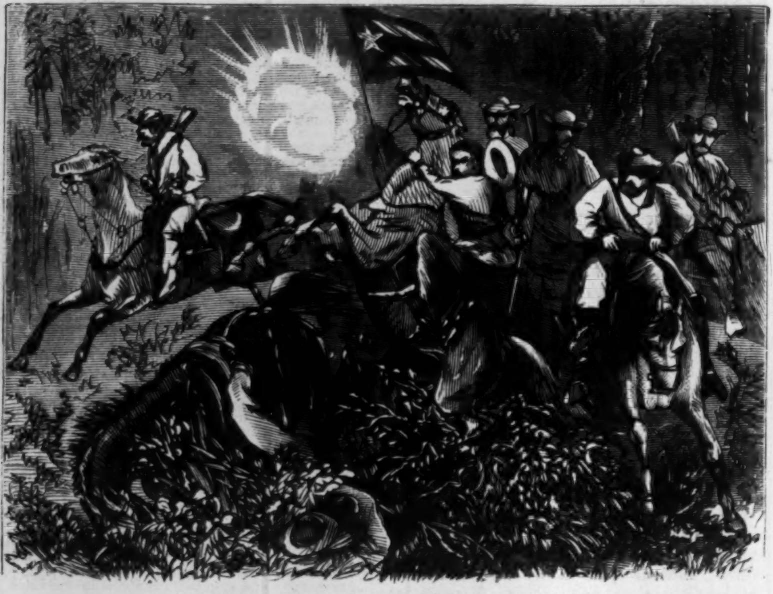
The Œcumenical Council was opened on the 8th inst. by the Pope. The streets leading to the Vatican were crowded by the people as his Holiness, at the head of a procession of 700 bishops, proceeded to the hall of the Council. The galleries of the hall were filled by sovereigns and princes and members of the *corps diplomatique*. The ceremonies are described as excelling any thing in Rome for a century. On the 9th the Pope delivered an allocution before the bishops, in which he claimed that there was nothing to be feared in "false human science and worldly impiety," because "the Church was stronger even than Heaven." The Council has been adjourned until after Epiphany, and much opposition is expected to its reassembling. The Pope relies much on the support of the American Bishops.

The French "Yellow Book" says that France used her influence with the United States to bring about peace between Spain and the Pacific republics, but the sympathy in the United States and South America with the Cuban insurgents complicated the settlement.

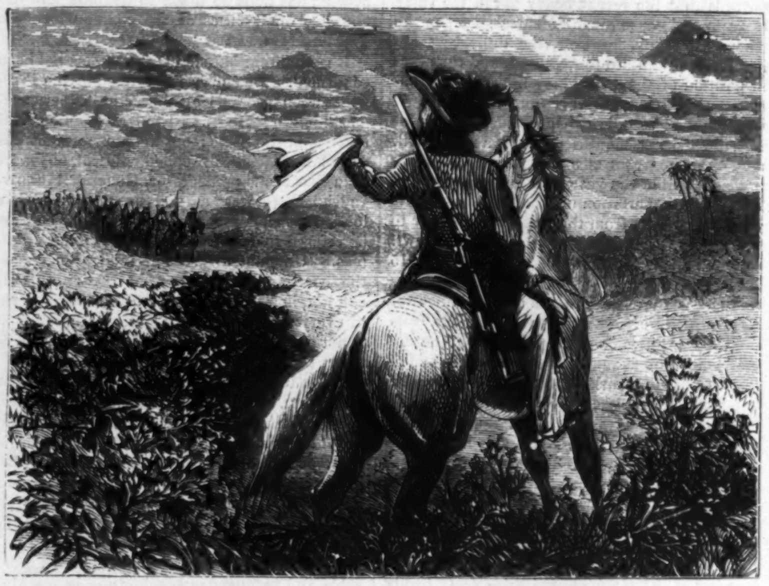
Stormy debates are the order of the day in the French Corps Legislatif. The irrepressible M. Rochefort on the 10th demanded the impeachment of M. Forcade, the Minister of the Interior. The scene which followed is described as unparalleled in the annals of the Chamber, and an adjournment was effected amidst great excitement.

The London *Times* suggests the appointment of such men as George Ticknor Curtis and William M. Evarts to state the facts and the law in the *Alabama* case. The Edinburgh *Scotsman* has a report that Lord Clarendon will soon reopen negotiations for the settlement of the claims.

The Viceroy of Egypt has yielded to the ultimatum of the Sultan, and accepted the conditions imposed.



THE WAR IN CUBA—A DASH THROUGH THE WOODS.



THE WAR IN CUBA—THE CUBAN SCOUT.

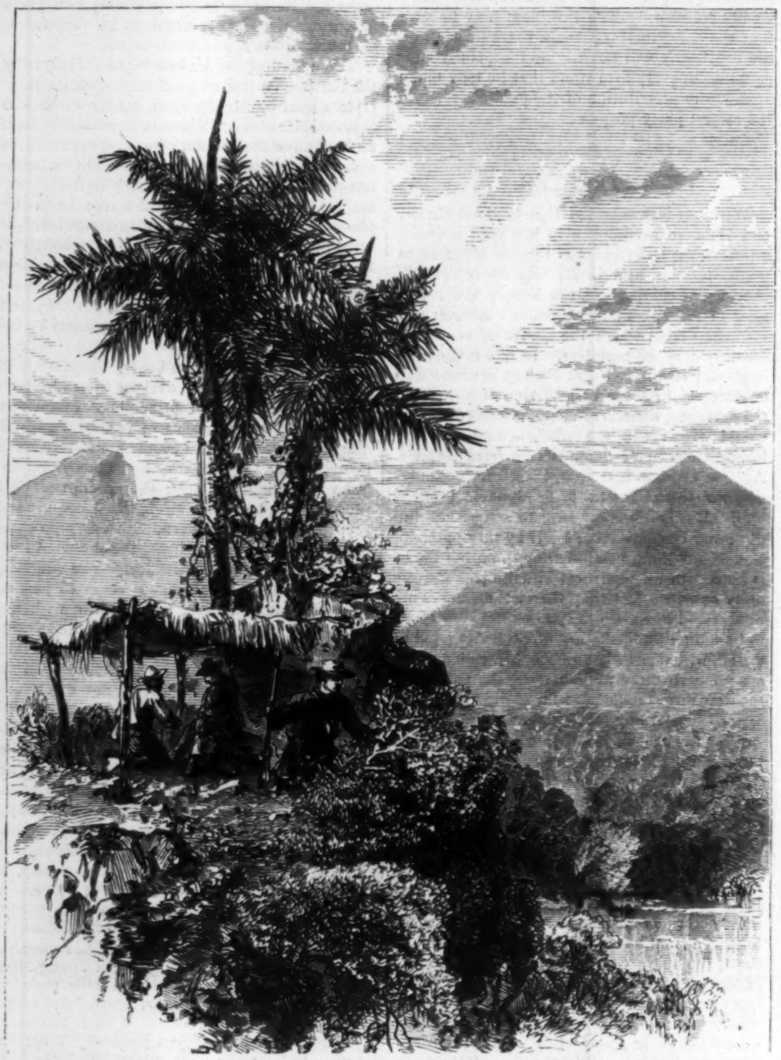
THE WAR IN CUBA.

The war in Cuba presents many interesting and romantic features, some of which are depicted by our artist, whose sketches will be found on this page. The character of the country where the insurrection began, and has been carried on more successfully than in any other part of the island, is illustrated in the sketch showing an advanced post in the Trinidad Mountains. Wild and bold, and covered with dense forest, it is just the region for the operations of the scattered bands that compose the bulk of the insurrectionary forces. Under the protection of these mountains are organized raids into districts held by the Spanish troops; and to their friendly shelter the guerrillas return when their work has been accomplished. Another illustration represents a band of these guerrillas making a dash through the woods. The Spanish troops are sometimes drawn into ambuscades in these mountains, and are made to pay dearly for their temerity. Many stirring adventures are related of "El Chico Balladares," a celebrated scout, who is constantly employed on this duty by the insurgents.

The most effective auxiliaries of the insurgents are found among the freedmen whom they have liberated from slavery on the plantations. These men, as shown in our illustrations, are armed with any weapons they can pick up—old flint-locks, bayonets fastened to the end of a stick, lances, cane-knives, etc.; but in general they are employed for more efficient work than service in the field. They are sent out among the slaves on the Spanish plantations, where their presence is less likely to excite suspicion than that of white men would be, for the purpose of inciting them to insurrection. They are also employed, in connection with Chinamen, in the work of burning plantations, and do very effective service in this kind of warfare.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

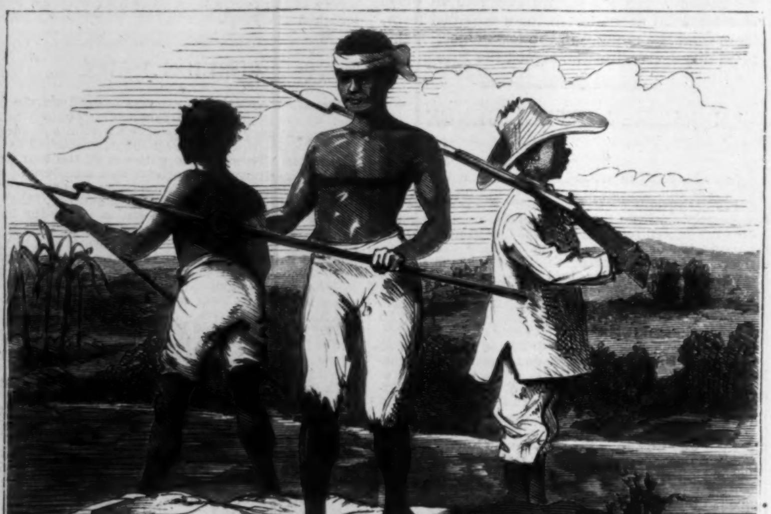
Of all recent discoveries in science, that certainly is the most wonderful which enables us to identify a particle of matter almost too minute to be conceived of, and to pronounce upon the composition of a body existing in remotest space. Such a power is given to us in spectrum analysis, by means of which we detect the presence of 180,000,000th of a grain of sodium, and learn the constitution of the Dog-star, 130,000,000,000,000 of miles away. But what is the spectrum analysis? the unscientific reader may ask. The answer is difficult to give in popular language; but we will attempt one. Every one has observed the band of color produced when light falls upon the triangular piece of glass we call a prism. That is a spectrum. Sir Isaac Newton first discovered that this band of color is produced by the decomposition of white light into its component colored rays. All white light—that of the sun, a candle, or a gas flame—shows this colored band, beginning with red on the one side, and terminating with violet at the other. But if we introduce any single substance capable of giving color to a gas flame, the continuous band of color is broken up, and we see only a few bright lines of the same color as the flame. Further, if two or more substances capable of imparting different colors are simultaneously introduced into a flame, each substance is found to exhibit its characteristic lines of color in the spectrum, and thus an analysis is made of the mixture placed in the flame. An observer with a spectroscope at a fire-work display would be able to tell all the ingredients employed to produce the colored fires which excite so much wonder. The discovery that every element in nature gives a characteristic spectrum was soon fruitful of consequences; for as chemists have now the habit of observing every thing that comes to hand by means of the spectroscope, lines have been remarked which did not apparently belong to any known substance. Then chemical analyists took up the matter, and separated out the unknown ingredient; and in this way, within the last few years, we have been made acquainted with five new elementary substances, and we may conjecture that others still remain to be discovered by the same means.



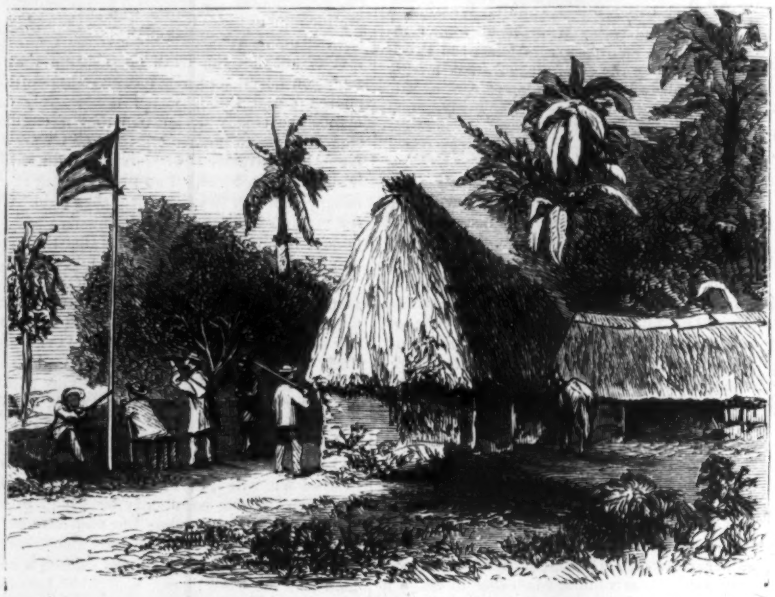
THE WAR IN CUBA—ADVANCED INSURGENT POST IN THE TRINIDAD MOUNTAINS.

AIMLESS EDUCATION.

Here is a rich man's son, who has been educated at great expense and pains, and who has graduated from college, and has come out a gentleman. He has studied, not with a view of fitting himself for any avocation in life, but with a view of being a gentleman. He reads, not for the sake of knowing any thing, but for the sake of being a gentleman. Soon his father breaks down; and he, when he is about twenty-five years old, finds himself a poor man's son, and dependent on his own exertions. And he says to himself, "What shall I do for a living?" He asks his feet, and his feet say, "I do not know." He asks his hands, and they say, "I do not know." He asks his head, and it says, "I never learned any thing about how to get a living." There is but one man that can befriend this poor wretch, and that is the sexton. Could any thing be more useless than such a person? Can there be any thing more pitiable than such histories?



THE WAR IN CUBA—INSURGENT PICKET OF FREEDMEN.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL ADOLPH CAVADA, MILITARY DISTRICT OF CIENFUEGOS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

SECOND SCENE.—THE INN.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

ANNE.

"YE'LL just permit me to remind ye again, young leddy, that the Hottle's full—exceptin' only this settin'-room, and the bedchamber yonder belonging to it."

So spoke "Mistress Inchbare," landlady of the Craig Fernie Inn, to Anne Silvester, standing in the parlor, purse in hand, and offering the price of the two rooms before she claimed permission to occupy them.

The time of the afternoon was about the time when Geoffrey Delamayn had started in the train, on his journey to London. About the time also, when Arnold Brinkworth had crossed the moor, and was mounting the first rising ground which led to the inn.

Mistress Inchbare was tall and thin, and decent and dry. Mistress Inchbare's unlovable hair clung fast round her head in wiry little yellow curls. Mistress Inchbare's hard bones showed themselves, like Mistress Inchbare's hard Presbyterianism, without any concealment or compromise. In short, a savagely-respectable woman, who plumed herself on presiding over a savagely-respectable inn.

There was no competition to interfere with Mistress Inchbare. She regulated her own prices, and made her own rules. If you objected to her prices, and revolted from her rules, you were free to go. In other words, you were free to cast yourself, in the capacity of houseless wanderer, on the scanty mercy of a Scotch wilderness. The village of Craig Fernie was a collection of hovels. The country about Craig Fernie, mountain on one side and moor on the other, held no second house of public entertainment, for miles and miles round, at any point of the compass. No rambling individual but the helpless British Tourist wanted food and shelter from strangers, in that part of Scotland; and nobody but Mistress Inchbare had food and shelter to sell. A more thoroughly independent person than this was not to be found on the face of the hotel-keeping earth. The most universal of all civilized terrors—the terror of appearing unfavorably in the newspapers—was a sensation absolutely unknown to the Empress of the Inn. You lost your temper, and threatened to send her bill for exhibition in the public journals. Mistress Inchbare raised no objection to your taking any course you pleased with it. "Eh, man! send the bill whar' ye like, as long as ye pay it first. There's nae such thing as a newspaper ever darkens my doors. Ye've got the Auld and New Testaments in your bedchambers, and the natural history o' Pairthshire on the coffee-room table—and if that's no' reading eneugh for ye, ye may een gae back South again, and get the rest of it there."

This was the inn at which Anne Silvester had appeared alone, with nothing but a little bag in her hand. This was the woman whose reluctance to receive her she innocently expected to overcome by showing her purse.

"Mention your charge for the rooms," she said. "I am willing to pay for them beforehand."

Her majesty, Mrs. Inchbare, never even looked at her subject's poor little purse.

"It just comes to this, mistress," she answered. "I'm no' free to tak' your money, if I'm no' free to let ye the last rooms left in the hoose. The Craig Fernie hottle is a faimily hottle—and has its ain gude name to keep up. Ye're ower-well-looking, my young leddy, to be traveling alone."

The time had been when Anne would have answered sharply enough. The hard necessities of her position made her patient now.

"I have already told you," she said, "my husband is coming here to join me." She sighed wearily as she repeated her ready-made story—and dropped into the nearest chair, from sheer inability to stand any longer.

Mistress Inchbare looked at her, with the exact measure of compassionate interest which she might have shown if she had been looking at a stray dog who had fallen footsore at the door of the inn.

"Weel! weel! sae let it be. Bide awhile, and rest ye. We'll no' chairge ye for that—and we'll see if your husband comes. I'll just let the rooms, mistress, to *him*, instead o' lettin' them to *you*. And, sae, good-morrow t' ye." With that final announcement of her royal will and pleasure, the Empress of the Inn withdrew.

Anne made no reply. She watched the landlady out of the room—and then struggled to control herself no longer. In her position, suspicion was doubly insult. The hot tears of shame gathered in her eyes; and the heart-ache wrung her, poor soul—wrung her without mercy.

A trifling noise in the room startled her. She looked up, and detected a man in a corner, dusting the furniture, and apparently acting in the capacity of attendant at the inn. He had shown her into the parlor on her arrival; but he had remained so quietly in the room that she had never noticed him since, until that moment.

He was an ancient man—with one eye filmy and blind, and one eye moist and merry. His head was bald; his feet were gouty; his nose was justly celebrated as the largest nose and the reddest nose in that part of Scotland. The mild wisdom of years was expressed mysteriously in his mellow smile. In contact with this wicked world, his manner revealed that happy mixture of two extremes—the servility which just touches independence, and the independence which just touches servility—attained by no men in existence but Scotchmen. Enormous native impudence, which amused but never offended; immeasurable cunning, masquerading habitually under the double disguise of quaint prejudice and dry humor, were the solid moral foundations on which the character of this elderly person was built. No amount of whisky ever made him drunk; and no violence of bell-ringing ever hurried his movements. Such was the head-waiter at the Craig Fernie Inn; known, far and wide, to local fame, as "Maister Bishopriggs, Mistress Inchbare's right-hand man."

"What are you doing there?" Anne asked, sharply.

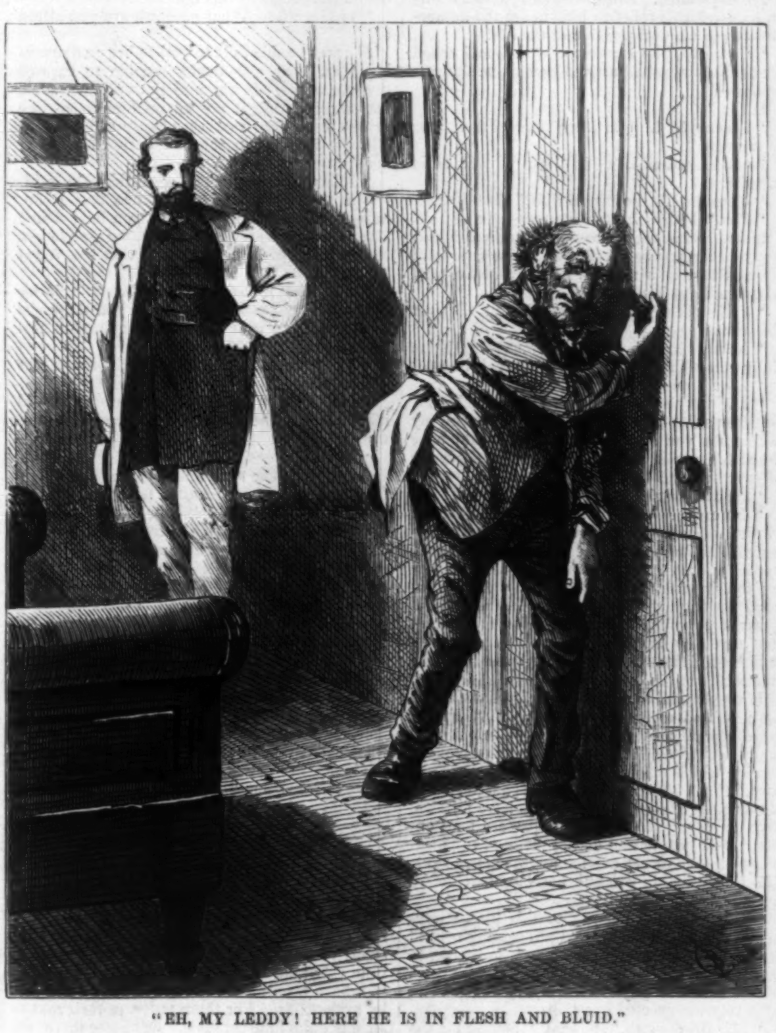
Mr. Bishopriggs turned himself about on his gouty feet; waved his duster gently in the air; and looked at Anne, with a mild, paternal smile.

"Eh! Am just doostin' the things; and settin' the room in decent order for ye."

"For *me?* Did you hear what the landlady said?"

Mr. Bishopriggs advanced confidentially, and pointed with a very unsteady forefinger to the purse which Anne still held in her hand.

"Never fash yoursel' aboot the landleddy!" said the sage chief of the Craig Fernie waiters. "Your purse speaks for you, my lassie. Pet it up!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, waving temptation away from him with the duster. "In wi' it into yer pocket! Sae long as the warld's the warld, I'll uphaud it any where—while there's siller in the purse, there's gude in the woman!"



"EH, MY LEDDY! HERE HE IS IN FLESH AND BLUID."

Anne's patience, which had resisted harder trials, gave way at this.

"What do you mean by speaking to me in that familiar manner?" she asked, rising angrily to her feet again.

Mr. Bishopriggs tucked his duster under his arm, and proceeded to satisfy Anne that he shared the landlady's view of her position, without sharing the severity of the landlady's principles. "There's nae man livin'," said Mr. Bishopriggs, "looks with mair indulgence at human frailty than my ain sel'. Am I no' to be familiar wi' ye—when I'm auld eneugh to be a fether to ye, and ready to be a fether to ye till further notice? Hech! hech! Order your bit dinner, lassie. Husband or no husband, ye've got a stomach, and ye must een eat. There's fesh and there's fowl—or, maybe, ye'll be for the sheep's head singit, when they've done with it at the tabble dot?"

There was but one way of getting rid of him: "Order what you like," Anne said, "and leave the room." Mr. Bishopriggs highly approved of the first half of the sentence, and totally overlooked the second.

"Ay, ay—just pet a' yer little interests in my hands; it's the wisest thing ye can do. Ask for Maister Bishopriggs (that's me) when ye want a decent 'sponsible man to gi' ye a word of advice. Set ye doon again—set ye doon. And don't tak' the arm-chair. Hech! hech! yer husband will be coming, ye know, and he's sure to want it!" With that seasonable pleasantry the venerable Bishopriggs winked, and went out.

Anne looked at her watch. By her calculation it was not far from the hour when Geoffrey might be expected to arrive at the inn, assuming Geoffrey to have left Windygates at the time agreed on. A little more patience, and the landlady's scruples would be satisfied, and the ordeal would be at an end.

Could she have met him nowhere else than at this barbarous house, and among these barbarous people?

No. Outside the doors of Windygates she had not a friend to help her in all Scotland. There was no place at her disposal but the inn; and she had only to be thankful that it occupied a sequestered situation, and was not likely to be visited by any of Lady Lundie's friends. Whatever the risk might be, the end in view justified her in confronting it. Her whole future depended on Geoffrey's making an honest woman of her. Not her future with *him*—that way there was no hope; that way her life was wasted. Her future with Blanche—she looked forward to nothing now but her future with Blanche.

Her spirits sank lower and lower. The tears rose again. It would only irritate him if he came and found her crying. She tried to divert her mind by looking about the room.

There was very little to see. Except that it was solidly built of good sound stone, the Craig Fernie hotel differed in no other important respect from the average of second-rate English inns. There was the usual slippery black sofa—constructed to let you slide when you wanted to rest. There was the usual highly-varnished arm-chair, expressly manufactured to test the endurance of the human spine. There was the usual paper on the walls, of the pattern designed to make your eyes ache and your head giddy. There were the usual engravings, which humanity never tires of contemplating. The Royal Portrait, in the first place of honor. The next greatest of all human beings—the Duke of Wellington—in the second place of honor. The third greatest of all human beings—the local member of parliament—in the third place of honor; and a hunting scene, in the dark. A door opposite the door of admission from the passage opened into the bedroom; and a window at the side looked out on the open space in front of the hotel, and commanded a view of the vast expanse of the Craig Fernie moor, stretching away below the rising ground on which the house was built.

Anne turned in despair from the view in the room to the view from the window. Within the last half hour it had changed for the worse. The clouds had gathered; the sun was hidden; the light on the landscape was gray and dull. Anne turned from the window, as she had turned from the room. She was just making the hopeless attempt to rest her weary limbs on the sofa, when the sound of voices and footsteps in the passage caught her ear.

Was Geoffrey's voice among them? No.

Were the strangers coming in?

The landlady had declined to let her have the rooms: it was quite possible that the strangers might be coming to look at them. There was no knowing who they might be. In the impulse of the moment she flew to the bedchamber and locked herself in.

The door from the passage opened, and Arnold Brinkworth—shown in by Mr. Bishopriggs—entered the sitting-room.

"Nobody here!" exclaimed Arnold, looking round. "Where is she?"

Mr. Bishopriggs pointed to the bedroom door. "Eh! yer good leddy's joost in the bedchamber, nae doot!"

Arnold started. He had felt no difficulty (when he and Geoffrey had discussed the question at Windygates) about presenting himself at the inn in the assumed character of Anne's husband. But the result of putting the deception in practice was, to say the least of it, a little embarrassing at first. Here was the waiter describing Miss Silvester as his "good lady;" and leaving it (most naturally and properly) to the "good lady's" husband to knock at her bedroom door, and tell her that he was there. In despair of knowing what else to do at the moment, Arnold asked for the landlady, whom he had not seen on arriving at the inn.

"The landleddy's just tottin' up the ledgers o' the hottle in her ain room," answered Mr. Bishopriggs. "She'll be here anon—the wearyful woman!—speerin' who ye are and what ye are, and takin' a' the business o' the hoose on her ain pair o' shouthers." He dropped the subject of the landlady, and put in a plea for himself. "I ha' lookit after a' the leddy's little comforts, Sir," he whispered. "Trust in me! trust in me!"

Arnold's attention was absorbed in the very serious difficulty of announcing his arrival to Anne. "How am I to get her out?" he said to himself, with a look of perplexity directed at the bedroom door.

He had spoken loud enough for the waiter to hear him. Arnold's look of perplexity was instantly reflected on the face of Mr. Bishopriggs. The head-waiter at Craig Fernie possessed an immense experience of the manners and customs of newly-married people on their honey-moon trip. He had been a second father (with excellent pecuniary results) to innumerable brides and bridegrooms. He knew young married couples in all their varieties:—The couples who try to behave as if they had been married for many years; the couples who attempt no concealment, and take advice from competent authorities about them. The couples who are bashfully talkative before third persons; the couples who are bashfully silent under similar circumstances. The couples who don't know what to do; the couples who wish it was over; the couples who must never be intruded upon without careful preliminary knocking at the door; the couples who *can* eat and drink in the intervals of "bliss," and the other couples who *can't*. But the bridegroom who stood helpless on one side of the door, and the bride who remained locked in on the other, were new varieties of the nuptial species, even in the vast experience of Mr. Bishopriggs himself.

"Hoo are ye to get her oot?" he repeated. "I'll show ye hoo!" He advanced as rapidly as his gouty feet would let him, and knocked at the bedroom door. "Eh, my leddy! here he is in flesh and bluid. Mercy preserve us! do ye lock the door of the nuptial chamber in your husband's face?"

At that unanswerable appeal the lock was heard turning in the door. Mr. Bishopriggs winked at Arnold with his one available eye, and laid his forefinger knowingly along his enormous nose. "I'm away before she falls into your arms! Rely on it I'll no come in again without knocking first!"

He left Arnold alone in the room. The bedroom door opened slowly by a few inches at a time. Anne's voice was just audible, speaking cautiously behind it.

"Is that you, Geoffrey?"

Arnold's heart began to beat fast, in anticipation of the disclosure which was now close at hand. He knew neither what to say or do—he remained silent.

Anne repeated the question in louder tones:

"Is that you?"

There was the certain prospect of alarming her, if some reply was not given. There was no help for it. Come what come might, Arnold answered, in a whisper:

"Yes."

The door was flung wide open. Anne Silvester appeared on the threshold, confronting him.

"Mr. Brinkworth!!!" she exclaimed, standing petrified with astonishment.

For a moment more neither of them spoke. Anne advanced one step into the sitting-room, and put the next inevitable question, with an instantaneous change from surprise to suspicion.

"What do you want here?"

Geoffrey's letter represented the only possible excuse for Arnold's appearance in that place, and at that time.

"I have got a letter for you," he said—and offered it to her.

She was instantly on her guard. They were little better than strangers to each other, as Arnold had said. A sickening presentiment of some treachery on Geoffrey's part struck cold to her heart. She refused to take the letter.

"I expect no letter," she said. "Who told you I was here?" She put the question, not only with a tone of suspicion, but with a look of contempt. The look was not an easy one for a man to bear. It required a momentary exertion of self-control on Arnold's part, before he could trust himself to answer with due consideration for her. "Is there a watch set on my actions?" she went on, with rising anger. "And are *you* the spy?"

"You haven't known me very long, Miss Silvester," Arnold answered, quietly. "But you ought to know me better than to say that. I am the bearer of a letter from Geoffrey."

She was on the point of following his example, and of speaking of Geoffrey by his Christian name, on her side. But she checked herself, before the word had passed her lips.

"Do you mean Mr. Delamayn?" she asked, coldly.

"Yes."

"What occasion have *I* for a letter from Mr. Delamayn?"

She was determined to acknowledge nothing—she kept him obstinately at arm's-length. Arnold did, as a matter of instinct, what a man of larger experience would have done, as a matter of calculation—he closed with her boldly, then and there.

"Miss Silvester! it's no use beating about the bush. If you won't take the letter, you force me to speak out. I am here on a very unpleasant errand. I begin to wish, from the bottom of my heart, I had never undertaken it."

A quick spasm of pain passed across her face. She was beginning, dimly beginning, to understand him. He hesitated. His generous nature shrank from hurting her.

"Go on," she said, with an effort.

"Try not to be angry with me, Miss Silvester. Geoffrey and I are old friends. Geoffrey knows he can trust me—"

"Trust you?" she interposed. "Stop!"

Arnold waited. She went on, speaking to herself, not to him.

"When I was in the other room I asked if Geoffrey was there. And this man answered for him." She sprang forward with a cry of horror.

"Has he told you—"

"For God's sake, read his letter!"

She violently pushed back the hand with which Arnold once more offered the letter. "You don't look at me! He *has* told you!"

"Read his letter," persisted Arnold. "In justice to him, if you won't in justice to me."

The situation was too painful to be endured. Arnold looked at her, this time, with a man's resolution in his eyes—spoke to her, this time, with a man's resolution in his voice. She took the letter.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," she said, with a sudden humiliation of tone and manner, inexpressibly shocking, inexpressibly pitiable to see. "I understand my position at last. I am a woman doubly betrayed. Please to excuse what I said to you just now, when I supposed myself to have some claim on your respect. Perhaps you will grant me your pity? I can ask for nothing more."

Arnold was silent. Words were useless in the face of such utter self-abandonment as this. Any man living—even Geoffrey himself—must have felt for her at that moment.

She looked for the first time at the letter. She opened it on the wrong side. "My own letter!" she said to herself. "In the hands of another man!"

"Look at the last page," said Arnold.

She turned to the last page, and read the hurried penciled lines. "Villain! villain! villain!" At the third repetition of the word, she crushed the letter in the palm of her hand, and flung it from her to the other end of the room. The instant after, the fire that had flamed up in her died out. Feebly and slowly she reached out her hand to the nearest chair, and sat down in it with her back to Arnold. "He has deserted me!" was all she said. The words fell low and quiet on the silence: they were the utterance of an immeasurable despair.

"You are wrong!" exclaimed Arnold. "Indeed, indeed you are wrong! It's no excuse—it's the truth. I was present when the message came about his father."

She never heeded him, and never moved. She only repeated the words:

"He has deserted me!"

"Don't take it in that way!" pleaded Arnold—"pray don't! It's dreadful to hear you; it is indeed. I am sure he has *not* deserted you." There was no answer; no sign that she heard him; she sat there, struck to stone. It was impossible to call the landlady in at such a moment as this. In despair of knowing how else to rouse her, Arnold drew a chair to her side, and patted her timidly on the shoulder. "Come!" he said, in his single-hearted, boyish way. "Cheer up a little!"

She slowly turned her head, and looked at him with a dull surprise.

"Didn't you say he had told you every thing?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Don't you despise a woman like me?"

Arnold's heart went back, at that dreadful question, to the one woman who was eternally sacred to him—to the woman from whose bosom he had drawn the breath of life.

"Does the man live," he said, "who can think of his mother—and despise women?"

That answer set the prisoned misery in her free. She gave him her hand—she faintly thanked him. The merciful tears came to her at last.

Arnold rose, and turned away to the window in despair. "I mean well," he said. "And yet I only distress her!"

She heard him, and struggled to compose herself. "No," she answered, "you comfort me. Don't mind my crying—I'm the better for it." She looked round at him gratefully. "I won't distress you, Mr. Brinkworth. I ought to thank you—and I do. Come back, or I shall think you are angry with me." Arnold went back to her. She gave him her hand once more. "One doesn't understand people all at once," she said, simply. "I thought you were like other men—I didn't know till to-day how kind you could be. Did you walk here?" she added, suddenly, with an effort to change the subject. "Are you tired? I have not been kindly received at this place—but I'm sure I may offer you whatever the inn affords."

It was impossible not to feel for her—it was impossible not to be interested in her. Arnold's honest longing to help her expressed itself a little too openly when he spoke next. "All I want, Miss Silvester, is to be of some service to you, if I can," he said. "Is there any thing I can do to make your position here more comfortable? You will stay at this place, won't you? Geoffrey wishes it."

She shuddered, and looked away. "Yes! yes!" she answered, hurriedly.

"You will hear from Geoffrey," Arnold went on, "to-morrow or next day. I know he means to write."

"For Heaven's sake, don't speak of him any more!" she cried out. "How do you think I can look you in the face—" Her cheeks flushed deep, and her eyes rested on him with a momentary firmness. "Mind this! I am his wife, if promises can make me his wife! He has pledged his word to me by all that is sacred!" She checked herself impatiently. "What am I saying? What interest can *you* have in this miserable state of things? Don't let us talk of it! I have something else to say to you. Let us go back to my troubles here. Did you see the landlady when you came in?"

"No. I only saw the waiter."

"The landlady has made some absurd difficulty about letting me have these rooms because I came here alone."

"She won't make any difficulty now," said Arnold. "I have settled that."

"*You!*"

Arnold smiled. After what had passed, it was an indescribable relief to him to see the humorous side of his own position at the inn.

"Certainly," he answered. "When I asked for the lady who had arrived here alone this afternoon—"

"Yes."

"I was told, in your interests, to ask for her as my wife."

Anne looked at him—in alarm as well as in surprise.

"You asked for me as your wife?" she repeated.

"Yes. I haven't done wrong—have I? As I understood it, there was no alternative. Geoffrey told me you had settled with him to present yourself here as a married lady, whose husband was coming to join her."

"I thought of *him* when I said that. I never thought of *you*."

"Natural enough. Still, it comes to the same thing (doesn't it?) with the people of this house."

"I don't understand you."

"I will try and explain myself a little better. Geoffrey said your position here depended on my asking for you at the door (as *he* would have asked for you if he had come) in the character of your husband."

"He had no right to say that."

"No right? After what you have told me of the landlady, just think what might have happened if he had *not* said it! I haven't had much experience myself of these things. But—allow me to ask—wouldn't it have been a little awkward (at my age) if I had come here and inquired for you as a friend? Don't you think, in that case, the landlady might have made some additional difficulty about letting you have the rooms?"

It was beyond dispute that the landlady would have refused to let the rooms at all. It was equally plain that the deception which Arnold had practiced on the people of the inn was a deception which Anne had herself rendered necessary, in her own interests. She was not to blame; it was clearly impossible for her to have foreseen such an event as Geoffrey's departure for London. Still, she felt an uneasy sense of responsibility—a vague dread of what might happen next. She sat nervously twisting her handkerchief in her lap, and made no answer.

"Don't suppose I object to this little stratagem," Arnold went on. "I am serving my old friend, and I am helping the lady who is soon to be his wife."

Anne rose abruptly to her feet, and amazed him by a very unexpected question.

"Mr. Brinkworth," she said, "forgive me the rudeness of something I am about to say to you. When are you going away?"

Arnold burst out laughing.

"When I am quite sure I can do nothing more to assist you," he answered.

"Pray don't think of *me* any longer."

"In your situation! who else am I to think of?"

Anne laid her hand earnestly on his arm, and answered:

"Blanche!"

"Blanche?" repeated Arnold, utterly at a loss to understand her.

"Yes—Blanche. She found time to tell me what had passed between you this morning before I left Windygates. I know you have made her an offer. I know you are engaged to be married to her."

Arnold was delighted to hear it. He had been merely unwilling to leave her thus far. He was absolutely determined to stay with her now.

"Don't expect me to go after that!" he said. "Come and sit down again, and let's talk about Blanche."

Anne declined impatiently, by a gesture. Arnold was too deeply interested in the new topic to take any notice of it.

"You know all about her habits and her tastes," he went on, "and what she likes, and what she dislikes. It's most important that I should talk to you about her. When we are husband and wife, Blanche is to have all her own way in every thing. That's my idea of the Whole Duty of Man—when Man is married. You are still standing? Let me give you a chair."

It was cruel—under other circumstances it would have been impossible—to disappoint him. But the vague fear of consequences which had taken possession of Anne was not to be trifled with. She had no clear conception of the risk (and it is to be added, in justice to Geoffrey, that *he* had no clear conception of the risk) on which Arnold had unconsciously ventured, in undertaking his errand to the inn. Neither of them had any adequate idea (few people have) of the infamous absence of all needful warning, of all decent precaution and restraint, which makes the marriage law of Scotland a trap to catch unmarried men and women, to this day. But, while Geoffrey's mind was incapable of looking beyond the present emergency, Anne's finer intelligence told her that a country which offered such facilities for private marriage as the facilities of which she had proposed to take advantage in her own case, was not a country in which a man could act as Arnold had acted, without danger of some serious embarrassment following as the possible result. With this motive to animate her, she resolutely declined to take the offered chair, or to enter into the proposed conversation.

"Whatever we have to say about Blanche, Mr. Brinkworth, must be said at some fitter time. I beg you will leave me."

"Leave you!"

"Yes. Leave me to the solitude that is best for me, and to the sorrow that I have deserved. Thank you—and good-by."

Arnold made no attempt to disguise his disappointment and surprise.

"If I must go, I must," he said. "But why are you in such a hurry?"

"I don't want you to call me your wife again before the people of this inn."

"Is *that* all? What on earth are you afraid of?"

She was unable fully to realize her own apprehensions. She was doubly unable to express them in words. In her anxiety to produce some reason which might prevail on him to go, she drifted back into that very conversation about Blanche into which she had declined to enter but the moment before.

"I have reasons for being afraid," she said. "One that I can't give; and one that I can. Suppose Blanche heard of what you have done? The longer you stay here—the more people you see—the more chance there is that she *might* hear of it."

"And what if she did?" asked Arnold, in his own straightforward way. "Do you think she would be angry with me for making myself useful to *you?*"

"Yes," rejoined Anne, sharply, "if she was jealous of me."

Arnold's unlimited belief in Blanche expressed itself, without the slightest compromise, in two words:

"That's impossible!"

Anxious as she was, miserable as she was, a faint smile flitted over Anne's face.

"Sir Patrick would tell you, Mr. Brinkworth, that nothing is impossible where women are concerned." She dropped her momentary lightness of tone, and went on as earnestly as ever. "You can't put yourself in Blanche's place—I can. Once more, I beg you to go. I don't like your coming here, in this way! I don't like it at all!"

She held out her hand to take leave. At the same moment there was a loud knock at the door of the room.

Anne sank into the chair at her side, and uttered a faint cry of alarm. Arnold, perfectly impenetrable to all sense of his position, asked what there was to frighten her—and answered the knock in the two customary words:

"Come in!"

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

IT is chiefly during the eight or nine months of winter that the great qualities of the dogs of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard are called into action. They serve as guides to small caravans of travelers, and to such as have strayed from the right direction. They also track those that have been lost in the deep snows or buried by avalanches. For these purposes their assistance is quite indispensable. Of course there can not be any question of beaten tracks in yonder dreary solitudes, where the snow is often forty feet deep; and even the conventuals and servants of the convent would, notwithstanding their familiar acquaintance with the country, in times of fogs and storms, never find their way without the assistance of those keen-scented animals. Generally a servant accompanies the dogs sent out on their accustomed rounds; they scarcely ever go alone. But on extraordinary occasions, in thick fogs, thunder-storms, and snow-storms, the whole population of the convent will turn out in company with the dogs, furnished with biers, cordials, and every thing necessary in cases of accident.

Not less than two dogs are ever sent out—one of them an old, well-trained animal, which will serve as an instructor and trainer to the younger one. Should an accident happen to one of them, the other will go for assistance.

The work of brotherly love to which the monks of the Great St. Bernard devote themselves is attended with great perils. Many fall victims to the fatigues of their laborious calling, and more than one of those noble men have found graves beneath avalanches and in deep snow-drifts.

When we hear of the thousands whose lives have been saved by those invaluable animals, we are not to understand that so many have been dug out from beneath avalanches with their assistance. They will track those who, having lost their way, are lying in the snow half benumbed with cold; they will encourage, by barking violently, such as, from exhaustion and despair, have sunk down to their last sleep, and call up assistance whenever their efforts are unavailing. The deep tracks they leave in the snow have guided many a one to the hospitable halls of the Hospice. Their constant loud baying on expeditions of mercy has been heard by many a forlorn wanderer, who was thus enabled to make known his situation to the brave men sent out to look for travelers lost in the snow.

The climate of the Great St. Bernard is excessively rude; even in midsummer the mercury never rises higher than 16 degrees above zero, according to Réaumur; in winter it sinks down to 27 degrees below the freezing-point. There are but very few clear and unclouded days during the whole year. The nights are always cold; while a small Alpine lake, situated south of the Hospice, occasionally remains frozen up for several years in succession. The average temperature is, according to the most careful meteorological observations, the same as that of the southern point of Spitzbergen.

It is quite natural, under these circumstances, that but few animals will stand the rigorous climate of those mountain regions; and we can easily appreciate the love and anxious care which the monks of the Great St. Bernard bestow upon the rearing and preservation of the brave, wonderfully-gifted animals.

The most celebrated of all these dogs was *Barry*. His successes exceeded those of any other dog of his race. His intelligence and amiability were almost human. During a life of little more than twelve years he saved the lives of forty-eight travelers—some say even more than seventy. Nothing is said to have equaled his pleasure when he had succeeded in saving a traveler from perishing in the snow. He used to manifest his satisfaction by joyful leaps, barking, wagging his tail—in short, in every conceivable way. Whenever he found a lost traveler lying in the snow, benumbed with cold, he would endeavor to warm him with his breath, or by stretching himself at full length over his body, until his companion dog had brought up assistance from the Hospice. Once he brought to life a child, by continued caresses induced him to mount his back, and thus carried him to the convent.

Many of those dogs perished while thus fulfilling their mission. The most tragical fate, however, was that which Barry himself met with more than fifty years ago. One day, having found a man nearly frozen to death in the snow—a deserter from the Austrian army—the noble animal by unceasing efforts succeeded in resuscitating him. The soldier, unable to account for the presence of a dog in that dreary solitude, frightened out of his wits by its incessant howls, and fancying it to have been sent out by his pursuers to track him, drew his sabre and plunged it into the heart of his deliverer. Thus died the noblest dog that ever lived. Barry's skin has been carefully stuffed, and is now exhibited in the Museum of Natural History at Berne. This noble creature was considered the most perfect type of the pure breed of the St. Bernardine dog.

Mr. SCHUMACHER, at Holligen, about a mile from Berne, Switzerland, keeps an establishment for breeding those dogs, which he is very proud of showing to visitors. It consists of an inclosure of about one-fourth of an acre, in the shape of a parallelogram, fenced in with iron wire, in which the dogs have ample room to take exercise. There are also in opposite corners several spacious kennels. In this inclosure twelve or fifteen magnificent dogs are always kept. It is a truly gratifying sight to see these noble beasts, not merely for dog-fanciers, but for all who love to see the perfection of nature. They are almost all white, with large tan-colored spots on their foreheads, ears, backs, and tails, and average about six or seven hands in height. They are especially remarkable for size of head, strength of neck, width of chest, and for their powerful legs and feet—the peculiar marks of the breed. Every visitor is struck by the quiet and intelligent expression of their eyes, and their lordly carriage. They may be called the *gentlemen* among dogs. Gentle dogs they are truly—noble, generous, royal fellows, far beyond the common plebeian run of curs. They will hunt neither bird nor beast; they will not assist in the destruction of any thing living; but I verily believe that in a case of emergency they will not flinch from any danger, in whatever shape it may present itself—they will either conquer or die. The only real business those royal beasts should ever be put to is that of saving and protecting men's lives. They are faithful to their master, but indifferent to all advances or caresses of strangers.

Mr. SCHUMACHER, some time ago, possessed a dog of this breed, named Sultan, which at the International Exhibition at Paris won the only first prize then given for dogs. A more perfect specimen of pure dog-blood was never beheld. We regret to say that Sultan died last summer. By far the greater part of Mr. S.'s dogs, however, show blood as pure as Sultan's, some of them even resembling old Barry in point of color and spots. All the dogs of the true Barry type have hair of medium length, scarcely ever attaining an inch and a half. Nature, however, will have her freaks. Sometimes puppies are born whose hair will grow long and silky, between two and three inches in length; others with very short hair, scarcely an inch long, all at the same birth with puppies that are considered to be of the true Barry or St. Bernardine breed—that is to say, with hair of medium length. This is ascribed to the fact that the original ancestors of the St. Bernardine breed—as far back as the fourteenth century, were, it is said, a very short-haired Danish bull-dog and a long-haired shepherd bitch from the Pyrenees. Of course only such specimens are selected for breeding as show the true Barry type; but, as we have already said, Nature will have her own ways; and occasionally return to original forms. The reason why the beautiful long-haired specimens are not considered to be of the true St. Bernardine type is simply because their long hair is liable to be clogged with snow to such a degree as seriously to hinder the animal in the exercise of its duties by the weight of the snow. But though these long-haired specimens are thus unfit for the special duties of Hospice dogs, they exhibit the same noble qualities of character, nor are they in any other way inferior to the dogs of the Barry type. In a similar way a coat of very short hair will unfit dogs for Hospice service, because it does not afford sufficient protection against the inclemency of the weather. These dogs of the genuine Barry breed all have a growth of short, downy hair beneath the outside coat. This is probably the same double coat of hair which is also found upon many animals of northern latitudes.

Dogs of the true Barry breed are distinguished by double spurs on their hind-legs, and by a long tail in the shape of an ſ, the tip of which is always curled up, and, singularly enough, in most cases turned to the left.

A belief had been prevalent for many years that the true breed of the St. Bernard had become extinct. This was not quite correct; but it is an acknowledged fact that, owing to the negligence, carelessness, and ignorance of breeders, it was on the surest road to degeneration and ultimate extinction. It is chiefly the merit of Mr. Schumacher that the true breed has been recovered. By carefully selecting his breeding animals he at last succeeded in obtaining dogs which, in every point, are the equals of their celebrated ancestor Barry. A few years ago he made a present of a pair of those perfect animals to the convent. One of the old monks who, in his younger days, had known old Barry, on seeing them was moved to tears, and exclaimed: "Great God! there is old Barry!" The Prior of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard had a certificate drawn up in which, with his seal and hand, he testified to the genuineness of the breed; and it was partly owing to this document Mr. Schumacher obtained the first prize at the Paris Exhibition—a gold medal.

There are seven splendid puppies in a separate compartment of the inclosure, giving great promise of equaling their ancestors. Two of them are almost exact counterparts of their great ancestor Barry.

The illustrations given on page 829 represent—

1. *Old Barry*, whose stuffed skin is now at the Museum of Natural History in Berne.

2. The dog *Favorite*, a splendid long-haired variety.

3. *Young Barry*, and two other dogs of the Barry type, grouped in the inclosure, with kennel in the back-ground.

WALTER SCOTT AT WORK.

Even when his eyes were failing, and his fingers gouty, Walter Scott frequently threw off thirty or forty pages of print before dinner—that, in fact, was his task when he was at work upon "Woodstock" and the "Life of Napoleon;" and till he had accomplished that, he did not think himself at liberty to take his axe and stroll out into the wood for an hour's sharp exercise. In his prime, he thought nothing of throwing off a novel in a month. "Guy Mannering" was written in six weeks about Christmas, and that he thought easy work. Very frequently, however, Sir Walter had a brace of novels on hand together, or a novel and a poem, or two or three reviews for the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. "Ivanhoe" and the "Monastery" were written together like this; and he took up the story of "Woodstock" as a diversion to kill time when he was ahead of the press with his "Life of Napoleon." Hasty work in literature is not generally the highest kind of work; and of course there is in all Sir Walter Scott's works much that is thin, and rambling, and vapid. But with Sir Walter Scott literature was not an art, but a trade. What was good enough for the public, was good enough for him; and his cardinal test of the value of his work was the price of its copyright and its sale. In poetry, he wrote by inspiration; taking up his pen, like Byron, only when the fit was upon him; but when at work upon a novel or a history, all he thought of was to get through his task; and if he was not in the vein when he took up his pen, he simply wrote on, as he said, till he "wrote himself into good-humor." This was not generally a very hard task; and when he had got into a good-humor with his work, he wrote on as freely and as gayly as he talked. His manuscripts testify sufficiently to this. In his poems you meet with stanzas that are hardly legible with blots and interlineations; but the manuscripts of his novels are as free from every thing of this description as his correspondence. You may turn over page after page without finding a single correction. He never boggled over a sentence, or cast about for an expression. "His thoughts," as his amanuensis said, "flowed easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them, or to find appropriate language. He sat in his chair (when dictating), from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the book-case, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering." When dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, James Ballantyne says Scott walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. The file-work Scott left to the printer; and of several of his stories he did not even see the proofs till they were in the hands of the public. With the exception of the "Lay," I doubt whether he ever read any of his poems after they were published. He liked that better than he anticipated; but I do not think the perusal increased his opinion of the critical discernment of the public. He was "never fond of his own poetry;" and when Ballantyne told him that the "Lord of the Isles" and "Rokeby" were paling in the glare and glitter of "Childe Harold" and the "Giaour," he abandoned the laurel wreath to Byron without a struggle, and almost without a sigh. "Since one line has failed," he said, "we must strike out something else."

This was the spur under which he took up the abandoned manuscript of "Waverley," which had been lying among the fishing-tackle of an old drawer for seven or eight years, and threw off the second and third volumes in three weeks. When, in turn, the novels of the "Author of 'Waverley'" began to pall upon a taste which likes its fiction fresh and fresh, Scott left the field to his imitators, and turned to history. "There is but one way," he said, "if you wish to be read—you must strike out something novel to suit the humor of the hour;" and that was the principle by which he was governed all through his career. It was not a very lofty principle to act upon; with a weaker man it might have been a dangerous principle, ending, as in the case of Byron, in the complete demoralization of his genius. In Scott, however, it led to nothing more than a variation of style. The most voluminous author of an age not particularly distinguished by the purity of its literature or morals, the contemporary of Byron and Moore, and the personal friend of George IV., an author, too, who avowedly set his sails to catch the popular breeze, Sir Walter Scott never allowed his genius to pollute itself by any thing that, as a man, he could blush for. Talking over his writings at the close of his career with a friend, and contrasting their tone with that of Goethe's, Sir Walter said, with a flush of pride: "It is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted." And his boast was true.

THE AURORA.

The spectroscope is continuously revealing new wonders in the departments of physics—even astronomy. A Swedish astronomer, Angström, has succeeded on several occasions in obtaining the spectrum of the luminous arc which bounds the dark circle of the aurora. The light of this arc is almost monochromatic, and exhibits a single brilliant band, situated to the left of the well-known group of calcine lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known rays or bands of simple or compound gases. Another circumstance which, as the discoverer observes, gives a special and almost cosmical importance to this observation, is this; namely, he succeeded in observing the spectrum of the zodiacal light, and here the same bright band was seen. "Indeed," he adds, "during a starlight night, when the sky was almost phosphorescent, I found traces of this band visible from all parts of the heavens." In addition to the bright band, he also observed in the auroral spectrum traces of three feeble bands, situated near to the line F of the solar spectrum. Angström's observations on the aurora were corrected to the winter of 1867–68, and have since been confirmed by himself and several other physicists. The spectroscopic examination of the zodiacal light completely overthrows the view generally held by astronomers, that this phenomenon is due to the reflection of the sun's light from a belt of meteors circulating between the sun and the earth; and shows that, like the auroral light, it must be due to magnetic disturbance in the firmament. It may startle some of our readers to learn that, according to Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, the true discoverer of the law of the conservation of forces, the aurora is indirectly due to the trade-winds. In a very elaborate memoir which Dr. Mayer read at the September meeting of the German Scientific and Medical Association, in which he discussed a variety of questions arising out of his theory of the conservation of forces, he stated that, in his opinion, the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism are due to the trade-winds. He sums up his reasons as follows: The lowest strata of the trade-winds assume, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition, the opposite of that of the water. The air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it toward the pole, when, from its high state of electric tension, it produces the aurora. He adds that the constant disturbance of electrical equilibrium which is manifested by the frequently varying direction of the magnetic needle is due to the greater electric activity of the southern hemisphere than of the northern, owing to the physical conformation of the globe.

CYMBELINE.

Hard by the garden-seat,
Where rose and woodbine meet,
And all sad things are sweet,
Stands Cymbeline.

Where, through the trellised leaves
The wan moon softly weaves
A chain of light, that cleaves
O'er her sweet face.

Faith keepeth watch above,
But false the faith thereof,
While at her feet lies Love,
For love of her.

Amid red roses' breath,
That sicken unto death,
My Lady stays and saith,
Not any thing.

The trembling leaves are sad,
And Love with Grief is clad,
Not any thing is glad,
Because of her.

She tarrieth in vain,
For her swarth knight is slain,
And cometh not again,
To Cymbeline.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Paris policeman being summoned into the presence of a man who had just shot himself dead, after severely wounding a lady, displayed his anxiety to arrive at the facts in the case by excitedly demanding of the only surviving witness of the fray, "Did this man kill himself before he fired at this lady, or not?"

THE SEA.

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,
The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three—
That I hate; but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,
And a fishy taste in the very eggs,
By all means choose the sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,
Then I recommend the sea.

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied, "She is an essay on grace, in one volume, elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

SKATING WITH A GIRL.

I've sounded each depth in the waters of pleasure,
And gone every round in their eddying whirl;
And I'll tell you the truth—there's nothing can measure
The fun of a winter night's skate with a girl.
Now onward we dash, o'er the icy track flying,
And banished forever are sorrow and pain.
A fall! But no matter—there's nothing like trying,
So take her up gently, and onward again.
Then give me the ice with a jolly good skate,
With my own darling girl, and I'll whistle at fate.

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" "Certainly, Sir," replied the boy, very respectfully. "Well, Sir," said the gentleman, after waiting a while, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea, your Honor," said the urchin.

How to make a Strengthening Broth for Invalids.—Take a gallon and a half, or thereabout, of pure water; add a quarter of an ounce of lard, and half a halfpennyworth of glue. Let it boil steadily for an hour, and, while boiling, stir with a polished mahogany chair-leg. Pepper and salt may be added, if "it runs to it."

"Come," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never too late to mend."

Henry Ward Beecher, returning from church one Sunday, passed a number of specimens of "Young America" amusing themselves with a game of marbles, mixed with fancy swearing. "My boy," said Mr. B. to an interesting youth of eight years—"my boy, I am frightened." "Are you?" answered buttons, quite naively; "why the devil don't you run, then?"

Little Frank had been taught that he was made of dust. As he stood by the window watching this element as the wind was whirling it in eddies, he exclaimed seriously, "Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made."

This is the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience. The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned, his face radiant with joy. "Me all right now. One wife. Me very good Christian." "What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

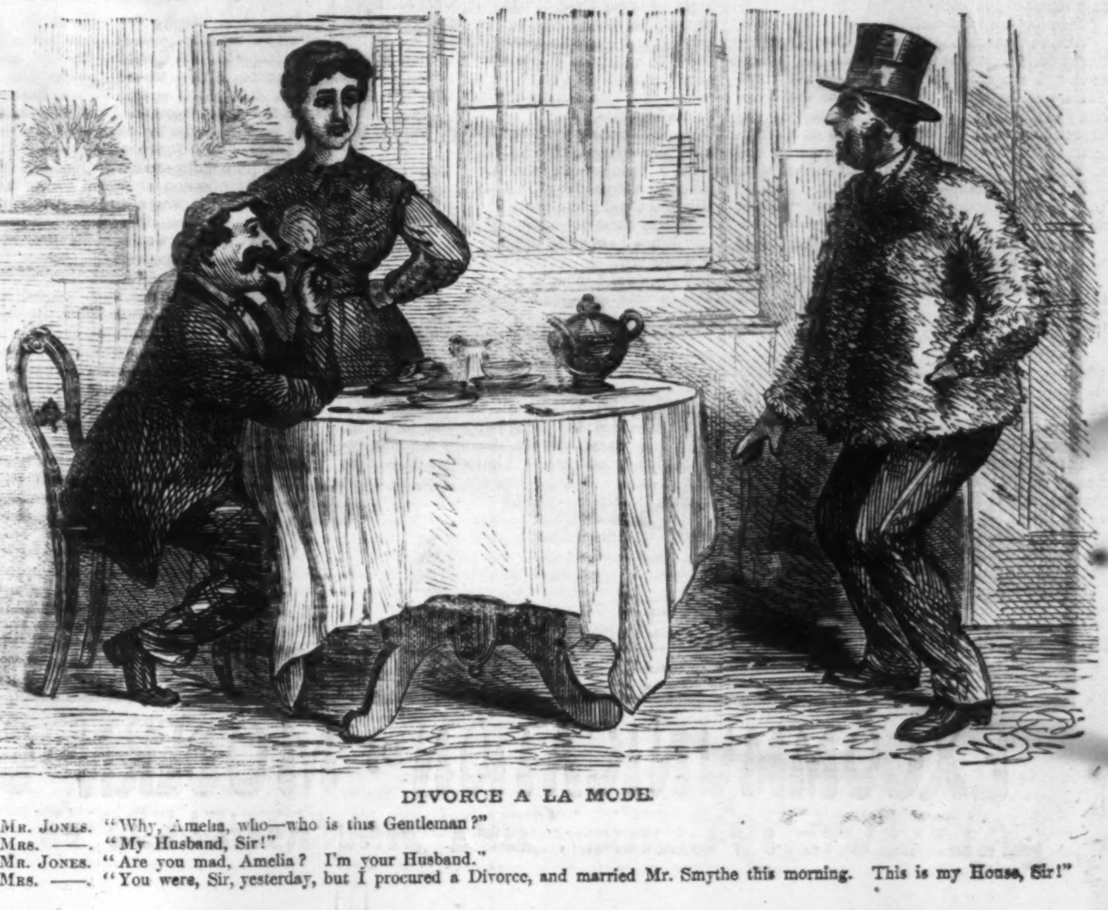
There is a saying, "Save us from our friends," but it does not mean any thing in particular. It was the last remark but one Julius Cæsar made to Brutus. Brutus was an intimate friend of Cæsar's, and meant extremely kindly to him. Brutus put a knife into Cæsar. This is a striking instance of friendship.

Matrimony is—hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc. Single blessedness is—sheet-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerated linen, heelless socks, coffee sweetened with icicles, gutta-percha biscuits, rheumatism, corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rhubarb, and any amount of misery.

Friendship is a very beautiful thing. It is also useful. Without friendship a man can not borrow five dollars. Dollars have been borrowed at 60 per cent., but still a brotherly love of a certain kind has inspired the transaction. There is a bold sort of philanthropy in cent. per cent., and philanthropy is merely universal friendship.

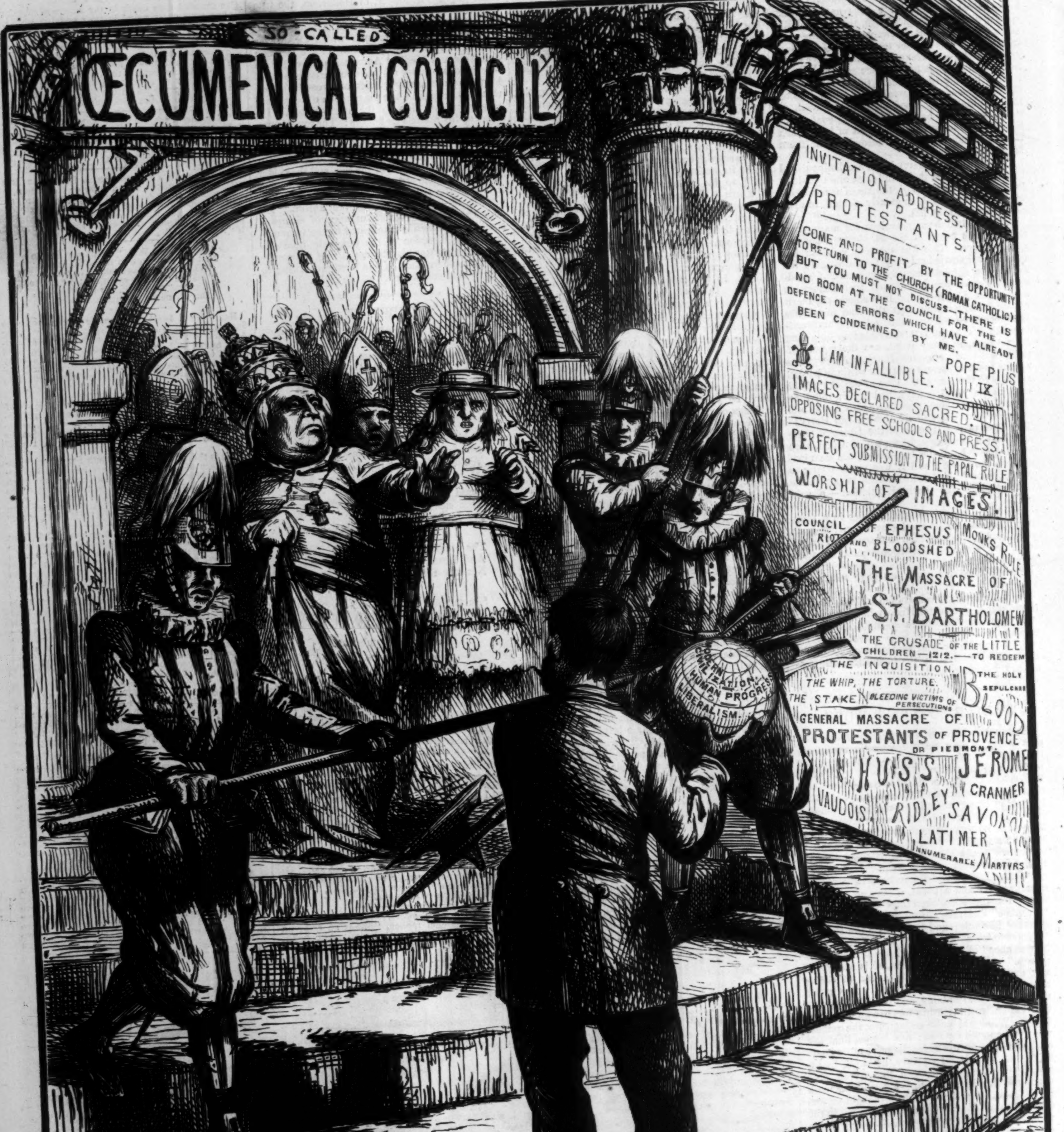
A sentimental young lady lost a curly poodle on which she set great value, and which she fed with her own hands. Not long after the poodle had departed this transitory life Fridolina was seen to contemplate, with great pensiveness, the countenance of a bewhiskered and beringleted young man. "Fridolina, my dear," said her maiden aunt, a very proper old lady, "don't look so at young Frizly; he'll think you are in love with him." "I can't help it, Aunt Sophia," replied Fridolina, with tears in her lovely eyes, "his expression is so like my pet poodle's."

A lady was about to engage the services of a servant at an intelligence office, but before the bargain was closed a few important questions were asked by the former. "I hope," said the lady, "that you have but few relatives in Boston?" "Indade, ma'am, none at all." "And how many friends who would desire to call on you?" "Faith, ma'am, I has but two friends in Boston, and one of thim is in Ireland and the other is Maine."



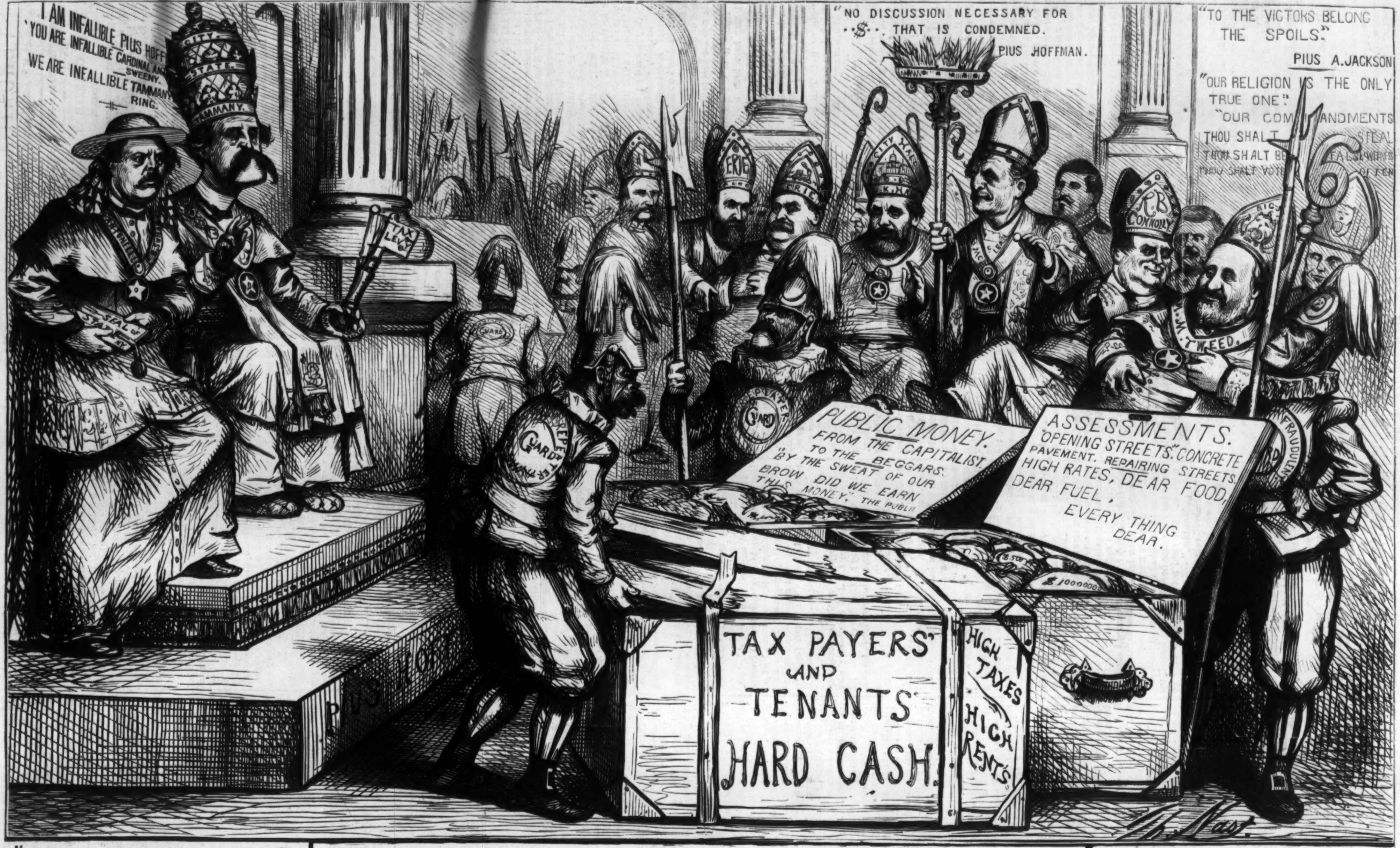
DIVORCE A LA MODE.

Mr. Jones. "Why, Amelia, who—who is this Gentleman?"
Mrs. ——. "My Husband, Sir!"
Mr. Jones. "Are you mad, Amelia? I'm your Husband."
Mrs. ——. "You were, Sir, yesterday, but I procured a Divorce, and married Mr. Smythe this morning. This is my House, Sir!"


SO-CALLED
ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL
INVITATION ADDRESS. TO PROTESTANTS.
COME AND PROFIT BY THE OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN TO THE CHURCH (ROMAN CATHOLIC) BUT YOU MUST NOT DISCUSS—THERE IS NO ROOM AT THE COUNCIL FOR THE DEFENCE OF ERRORS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN CONDEMNED BY ME.
I AM INFALLIBLE. POPE PIUS IX
IMAGES DECLARED SACRED.
OPPOSING FREE SCHOOLS AND PRESS.
PERFECT SUBMISSION TO THE PAPAL RULE
WORSHIP OF IMAGES.
COUNCIL OF EPHESUS
RIOT AND BLOODSHED
MONKS RULE
THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW
THE CRUSADE OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN—1212.—TO REDEEM THE HOLY SEPULCHRE
THE INQUISITION.
THE WHIP, THE TORTURE.
THE STAKE
BLEEDING VICTIMS OF PERSECUTIONS
BLOOD
GENERAL MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS OF PROVENCE OR PIEDMONT.
HUSS
JEROME
CRANMER
VAUDOIS.
RIDLEY
SAVON
LATIMER
INNUMERABLE MARTYRS
MODERN CIVILIZATION.
HUMAN PROGRESS
LIBERALISM.
Th: Nast

EXCOMMUNICATION OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

GALILEO OF THE 19th CENTURY. "BUT NEVERTHELESS IT DOES MOVE."


I AM INFALLIBLE PIUS HOFF
'YOU ARE INFALLIBLE CARDINAL AN
SWEENY.
WE ARE INFALLIBLE TAMMANY
RING.
CITY
STATE.
TAMMANY.
TAX LEVY
"NO DISCUSSION NECESSARY FOR
$ THAT IS CONDEMNED.
PIUS HOFFMAN.
"TO THE VICTORS BELONG
THE SPOILS."
PIUS A.JACKSON
"OUR RELIGION IS THE ONLY
TRUE ONE."
"OUR COMMANDMENTS
THOU SHALT STEAL
THOU SHALT BE FALSE WITNESS
THOU SHALT VOTE OFTEN
ERIE
CITY HALL
R.B. CONNOLLY
W.M. TWEED.
REPEATER
GUARD
FRAUDULENT
PUBLIC MONEY.
FROM THE CAPITALIST
TO THE BEGGARS.
"BY THE SWEAT OF OUR
BROW DID WE EARN
THIS MONEY." THE PUBLI
ASSESSMENTS.
"OPENING STREETS." CONCRETE
PAVEMENT. REPAIRING STREETS.
HIGH RATES, DEAR FOOD,
DEAR FUEL,
EVERY THING
DEAR.
TAX PAYERS'
AND
TENANTS'
HARD CASH.
HIGH TAXES
HIGH RENTS.
$1000000
PIUS HOF
Th. Nast.

"OUR ESTABLISHED CHURCH." CHURCH AND STATE ONE.

THE ECONOMICAL COUNCIL, ALBANY, NEW YORK.

"THE GOOD COUNSEL I CAN COMMAND IN MY SPHERE." PIUS "HOFFMAN I."

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER VI.

LONELY.

THE prince was a little near-sighted, and not deeming it good-manners to use the glass that dangled by the black ribbon over his waistcoat, when he found himself face to face with "miladi," he had approached to within a short distance of her before he became aware of the agitated expression of her face, and the unusual carelessness of her toilet.

The instinct of coquetry would have prevented Veronica from presenting herself before Barletti in any unbecoming attire. But if she had given the matter her most serious consideration she could have found none better calculated to set off her striking beauty than that which she now wore. A long white wrapper fell to her feet. She had covered her head with the voluminous folds of a white lace shawl, one end of which was thrown across her breast and fell over her shoulder; and beneath the delicate snowy lace her long black hair streamed rippling to her waist.

"Oh, prince, there you are!" said Veronica. "Paul told me you were in the west loggia, and I ran down to catch you before I dressed for dinner."

The words were flattering, inasmuch as they implied great eagerness on the lady's part to see him. But he must have been a fatuously vain man who could have looked in Veronica's face as she spoke, and have supposed her to be thinking of paying him compliments.

Barletti bowed, and stood awaiting what more she had to say.

"Have you seen Paul?"

"Yes, signora. I saw him as I came in, but I did not speak to him."

"Then you do not know that Sir John has been, and still is, ill?"

"Dio buono! Ill? No. I know nothing. What is the matter with ce bon Gale?"

"I hope it is nothing serious: but I can not tell. I am uneasy about him; very uneasy."

Barletti did not believe that miladi could be suffering any acute anxiety on the score of her lord's health. And he would have considered it à priori very unlikely that she should so suffer. But he thought it highly proper and becoming that she should assume anxiety. A frank show of indifference would have disgusted him.

"Oh, you must not alarm yourself, cara signora," he said, soothingly. "What are the symptoms? How long has he been ill? I wonder that Paul said nothing to me!"

Veronica hurriedly described the singular swoon or trance into which Sir John had fallen. "He says the heat made him faint," she added, "but—" And she shook her head, doubtfully.

"Really it is not unlikely," said Barletti. "It may have been a giramento di capo—a mere swimming of the head. Such things are not uncommon, and il nostro caro Gale is not very strong. Pray tell me if there is any thing I can do for you in Florence. I shall, of course, go back at once. I could not think of intruding on you under the circumstances."

"No, no, no! That is just the very thing I hastened down to say. You must remain and dine here, and stay all the evening until Sir John retires."

"But—would he not prefer—" began Barletti in some astonishment. Veronica interrupted him, speaking very fast, and in a low tone, and glancing round nervously to see that they were not observed.

"Yes; no doubt he would prefer that you should go away. But I prefer that you should stay. I beg you to stay. He has a whim to disguise that he is ill. He will not have a doctor. He has given Paul orders to keep it secret from the servants. It may be nothing, but I am so inexperienced in illness I can not judge. I am alone here. I am afraid of—of—of the responsibility. You must remain and watch him, and let me know what you think. And—listen—do not allow it to be seen that I have urged you to stay! Do not admit that I have said a word to you about his illness. I rely on you, remember! And, above all, say no syllable to Paul."

She turned away, re-entered the saloon by the glass door, and ran swiftly and softly up the stairs, leaving Barletti in a condition of considerable perplexity.

He remained in the garden wandering up and down until the dinner-bell sounded. Then, as he was going into the house across the paved court-yard, a servant who had been sent to seek him, met him, and preceded him into the dining-saloon. It was a vast vaulted hall, whose dreariness was on too great a scale to be much mitigated by such French upholstery as had been hastily employed to decorate it for Sir John Gale's use.

The table was as big as the deck of a small yacht. The wax-lights abundantly set forth on a huge black walnut-wood side-board, and on the tall marble mantle-piece, and on the table itself, seemed to glimmer with hopeless feebleness, as though they were conscious of their inability to illuminate the vague dimness of the space. There was a little island of light in the centre of the table-cloth, but it seemed only to enhance the surrounding gloom.

Veronica was already in the dining-hall when Barletti entered it. Paul, too, was there, officiating as butler at the side-board.

Barletti bowed profoundly, and saluted Veronica as though he then saw her for the first time that evening.

"Good-evening, prince," said she, with a careless, haughty bend of the head.

In her rich evening dress, and with her composed, disdainful grace, she seemed a very different woman from her who had spoken to him in the loggia half an hour ago.

A cover was laid for Sir John in his accustomed place. Barletti observed it, and stood for a moment after Veronica was seated, as though waiting for some one. "And Gale?" he said, interrogatively.

"Oh, Sir John will not dine with us. He felt a little tired with the heat this afternoon. We shall find him after dinner in the salottino. Sit down, prince."

"You permit? I am not de trop?"

"No, no. I am glad of the sight of a human face. This hall is the gloomiest, dreariest place! I have never quite got over an idea that it is haunted, and I find myself sometimes making out mysterious shapes in the dark corners. One evening in the summer, when the windows were wide open, a great bat flew in, and almost brushed my face! Ugh!"

They ate their dinner under Paul's grave impassible eyes, and with Sir John's empty chair between them.

"Thy master is not really indisposed, friend, eh?" asked the prince of Paul, as the latter was serving him with wine.

"Sir John missed his usual siesta, and was tired. He is quite well now, Signor Principe."

"Ah, bravo! It has been a devil of a summer. And the heat seems as if it would never leave off any more."

The dinner seemed to be spun out to an intolerable length. Barletti had a very excellent appetite, and ate on steadily. Veronica ate but little; but she drank off three glasses of Champagne, whereat Barletti, accustomed to the almost ascetic temperance of his own countrywomen in the matter of wine, marveled considerably. He could not help observing, also, that she did appear to be really thoughtful and anxious, falling every now and then into fits of musing. And at this, attributing her careful brow to uneasiness regarding her husband, he marveled still more.

When the dessert was put on the table Paul prepared to withdraw. Veronica desired him to remain: speaking in English, of which language Barletti understood very little when he saw it, and almost nothing when he heard it.

"I must return to Sir John, miladi."

"Then tell Ansano to remain, and as soon as Sir John is in the salottino let me know."

The other servants went away, leaving Ansano to hand round the dishes of fruit, which, in his zeal, and the elation of being left to his own devices free from Paul's supervision, he did with feverish energy, until Veronica put an end to his service by desiring him to go and stand still at the side-board.

The dining-hall, like all the suit of rooms on the west side of the house, had a door communicating with the loggia outside. Veronica bade Barletti finish his wine at his leisure, and rose from her chair, saying that she would go and walk in the loggia until Sir John should be ready to receive them.

A request to be permitted to accompany her was on Barletti's lips, but she checked him by a look, and went out alone, pacing slowly and regularly up and down under the stone arcades. The night was dark, and since sunset the air had grown cool. Veronica lifted the gauze upper tunic of her dress, and wrapped her shoulders and arms in it. As she walked solitarily, a feeling of intense loneliness came upon her, such as she had never experienced in her life.

Outside, in the darkness, she looked in at the lighted hall each time she passed the glass door. She saw the brightness of the table, glittering with glass and silver, and adorned with flowers. She saw Barletti seated there. His face was toward the window. The light fell on his bald forehead and dark eyes, and mellowed the tint of his pale skin. He looked like a portrait by Vandyck. She regarded all this with an inexpressible sensation of *strangeness*. It seemed to her that she was looking on the room and on the man for the first time. It seemed to her that she had no part in any thing within those walls. No one could see her out there in the darkness. And to look on even the most familiar face, being one's self unseen, gives it an unfamiliar aspect.

The fact of being shut out there alone in the darkness, and of looking in upon the lighted rooms, produced in her a sense of complete isolation—isolation of spirit as well as of body. What did her existence matter to any one? If she could at that moment transport herself to Shipley-in-the-Wold, and peep in at the vicarage windows, she would see no void that her absence had made. It would all be going on much as usual. Her father would be reading by the fire—they must have fires now in the evening—and Maud would be reading too, or perhaps playing softly on the old piano. Or it might be that Mr. Plew was there, prosing on in his mild, monotonous voice. And outside the wide flats would be looming dreary and vague; and near Sack's farm the sheep and the white cattle would glimmer, dotted about the pastures fast asleep. She could fancy it all! So, thought she, a ghost must feel revisiting unperceived the haunts of the body.

The idea of death, thus conjured up, made her shiver, and nervously walk faster. How lonely she felt! How lonely—how lonely!

Veronica had never in her life comprehended what was meant by a "pleasing melancholy." Sadness of any kind was utterly distasteful to her, and aroused either a species of impatient resentment or a headlong abandonment of herself to despair, which had some anger in it too.

All at once the windows of the salottino threw out rays of brightness into the night. Sir John must be there. The rays came through the interstices of the wooden Venetian blinds. She could not look into the salottino as she could into the dining-hall, where the shutters were left open. She felt a sudden yearning for light, and shelter, and companionship. It was too intolerable being out there alone with her own thoughts in the darkness.

She went into the house through the dining-room, where Barletti was still sitting at the table. He had drunk scarcely any wine since Veronica left him; but, to kill the time, he had eaten nearly the whole contents of a large glass dish of sweetmeats, and was beginning to find that occupation pall on him when she reappeared.

Ansano stood sentinel in the back-ground. He had not found the half hour a pleasant one either. If he might have been permitted to distinguish himself by handing to the signor principe every dish on the table in regular sequence, he would have been content; for Ansano, like the rest of the servants, was little more than a mere rustic, and the delighted pride he felt in such professional promotion as was implied in being trusted to do any service unwatched by Paul, wore still the gloss of novelty. But to stand there at the side-board, still and silent, while the other servants were supping socially together, was a severe trial.

Veronica walked at once through the dining-hall to the salottino, and Barletti followed her. Sir John was lying on a sofa. A lamp stood on a small table near his head, but it was so shaded as to throw no light on his face, although it illuminated the gay flowered dressing-gown he wore, and his white, wrinkled hands.

"Here is Prince Cesare de' Barletti," said Veronica, seating herself on a low chair near the sofa. "He wanted to go away when he heard that you were not well; but I made him stay."

"Oh!" said Sir John, in a kind of grunt.

The greeting was so exceptionally uncourteous even for Sir John, that Barletti rose up as though he were moved by a spring over which his will had no control, and said, "I regret my intrusion. If I had supposed for a moment that monsieur le baron was seriously ill—"

"Who says so? I am *not* seriously ill!" snarled Sir John.

"Of course not!" interposed Veronica, quickly. "I said so. If Sir John had been seriously ill, it would be another matter. But his indisposition was of the very slightest, and it is now quite gone."

Either, she thought, he must confess to being so indisposed that the presence of a stranger irked him, or he must ask Barletti to remain. But Sir John did neither. Whichever one of several given courses of action was most pleasing to Sir John's state of temper at the moment, he habitually adopted. Such cobwebs as duty toward, or consideration for, others, were entirely powerless to restrain the passions or caprices of his monstrous egotism.

"Yes," he said, speaking, as he had spoken throughout, in a muffled, strange voice, and articulating indistinctly: "I am quite well, but I don't feel energetic by any means. I shall not ask you to stay to-night, prince; it would only bore you."

It was almost impossible to resist this hint, but Barletti caught a glance from Veronica which so plainly begged him to remain, that he answered: "Now, my good Gale, I won't hear that. Bore me Not at all. I shall stay and chat until your bedtime. Or, if you prefer it, we'll have our partie of piquet. Which shall it be?"

Sir John was surprised at this unwonted insistence. The man had had his dinner; why did he wish to stay? That he evidently did wish it was, however, no inducement to his host to yield.

"Frankly, my dear friend," said Sir John, making an odd grimace, as though he had tried to smile and failed, "I will to-night have neither chat nor cards. I decline your company! That is the charm of having an intimate friend. I know you won't be angry if I beg you to leave me to myself, or," he added, slowly turning his eyes on Veronica, "to miladi. That *is* myself; it's quite the same thing."

But in looking at Veronica he surprised a glance of intelligence passing from her eyes to Barletti. Sir John could not change the direction of his own gaze quickly enough to catch the answering look on the prince's face; his facial muscles appeared not to be under full command; but he saw an expression of irresolution and conflict in Barletti's whole bearing.

The prince rose and then seated himself again, and then again rose with more determination, and advanced to the side of the sofa, holding out his hand to Sir John, and saying, "Good-night, then, caro Gale. Angry? No; of course I shall not be angry!" Then he bowed low to "miladi," and said, in a low tone, and with intention, "I regret to be banished from our good Gale, miladi; but I am sure he will be quite himself to-morrow. You need not—none of us need be uneasy about him."

"Uneasy!" echoed Sir John. "Que diable, Barletti, who is likely to be uneasy?"

And as he spoke he looked not at the prince, but at Veronica.

"Who, indeed?" said Veronica, returning Barletti's parting salutation with the stateliest of bows. She was reassured at heart. For she argued thus: "If Barletti thought there were any thing serious the matter he would not have been restrained by any fear of Sir John from giving me a hint of it by word or look."

And the first faint dawn of a project rose dimly in her mind—a project of attaching and binding this man to her, so as to secure his assistance and protection if—if any thing should happen to Sir John. And already in the dawn of her project the prospect of that dread "something which might happen" showed a little less dreadful.

Meanwhile Sir John lay on the sofa watching her from under the shadow that covered his face, and thinking of the look he had surprised her giving Barletti. The look had put a new idea into his mind, a very unpleasant idea, not unpleasant merely because, if correct, it would argue some of the ideas he had hitherto entertained to have been wrong (though that contingency alone was disagreeable enough), but because, also, it would have the effect of making him uneasy in the future.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE CLUB.

PAUL had such a terrible time of it that night in undressing Sir John and getting him to bed, that when he was alone in his own little room—within easy reach of his master's, and communicating with it by means of a large bell hanging at the head of his bed—he began to go over some calculations in his mind, with the half-formed intention of retiring from the baronet's service with a thousand or so fewer francs than the sum he had determined on as the limit of his savings.

Sleep brought counsel to Paul, however, and he arose in the morning prepared to go through the term of service he had set himself. But whether sleep had brought counsel to Sir John or not, it is certain that he woke in a humor worse, if possible, than that in which he had gone to bed.

He did not feel so much recovered from the indisposition of yesterday as he had expected to feel. He was extremely feeble, except in temper; there, he was as vigorous and ferocious as a healthy tiger with a fine appetite and nothing to eat.

Paul attended on him silent and watchful.

At length he said, with grave deliberation: "You must have a physician, Sir John."

The reply was a volley of oaths, so fiercely uttered that they left the baronet panting and glaring breathlessly from his pillow.

"Excuse the liberty, Sir John," said Paul, with a shade more gravity, but otherwise quite unmoved, "but you must have a physician. You are a little feverish. It is nothing. A little draught will make you quite strong soon for your journey."

"A lit-tle draught," muttered Sir John, trying to mimic Paul's accent. "A little devil!"

"In this country fevers go quick. Excuse the liberty, Sir John. If you allow, I will go for a physician myself."

The man's steady persistence had some effect on his master. Sir John moved his head restlessly and said, "Go? Where will you go? You don't know any of the doctors here, curse them!"

"There is a good and esteemed English physician, Sir John, lives in—"

"Damn the English physician! You infernal idiot, do you think I will have any of *them*, jabbering and boasting, and telling in the place that they have been attending Sir John Gale? Do you think I want a pack of British fools rushing up here to stare at me?"

"Bene, bene," said Paul. In his secret mind he had but a poor opinion of the English faculty, whose views, on the subject of bleeding especially, appeared to him to be terribly limited. "Benissimo! Better so, Sir John. I will fetch a most excellent medico. One who will cure you immediately—Dr. Maffei. He is well known, Sir John."

"Well known, you fool!"

"Well known among the Italians, Sir John," added Paul, astutely. "The signori Inglesi mostly employ their own physicians."

"Whatever he may say, I shall start for Naples on the nineteenth: remember that!"

In this way Sir John gave a tacit consent to the visit of the Italian doctor.

When that gentleman arrived at Villa Chiari he declared that there was no fever about Sir John. Paul had been mistaken there. But he let slip another ugly word, which Paul, who was present during the whole interview (acting as interpreter occasionally, for Sir John's Italian and the doctor's French sometimes came to a cul de sac, out of which Paul had to extricate them), smothered up as well as he could, in the hope that it might not reach Sir John's ears.

"I got a fall from my horse last year and was badly hurt, and had a long illness in consequence," said Sir John, feeling that the phenomenon of so wealthy and important a personage as himself being reduced to a condition of great weakness needed some explanation: "I think it shook me more than they thought at the time. That's the only way I can account for being in such a devil of a state."

"Ah, yes. And then, you see, you are getting old, and you have probably been rather intemperate in your youth," answered Dr. Maffei, with disconcerting sincerity.

Sir John began to think he had been wrong in not having an English physician, if he must have any at all.

Dr. Maffei prescribed some medicine, and a plain, but nourishing diet.

"I am going to Naples on the nineteenth," said Sir John, brusquely.

"I do not know. I do not think I should advise your making a journey so soon."

"I shall not trouble you, Sir, for your opinion on that point. I am going on that day. Good-morning."

The wild-beast temper had leaped out and shown its fangs so suddenly that the doctor's brown smooth-shaven face remained for a few seconds absolutely blank with amazement. Then he bowed silently; and, with a certain dignity, despite his short, stubby figure and ungraceful gait, walked out of the room.

An amazement of a livelier and more agreeable nature overspread his countenance when, driving down the hill in his fiacre, he inspected the bank-note which Paul had handed to him in an envelope. Its amount was more than ten times what he would have considered a sufficient fee from any of his compatriots—it was, indeed, ostentatiously excessive. Sir John had some vaguely vindictive notion in his head that the beggarly Italian would repent not having been more civil to a man who could afford to pay such a fee. But he was wrong. The doctor was pondering upon the extraordinary and absurd constitution of a universe in which so anomalous a nation as the English was permitted to exist.

It would be difficult to decide whether or not the medicines sent by Dr. Maffei did the patient any good; but the fact was, that Sir John did not get worse, and was able to keep his resolution of going to Naples on the nineteenth of October.

Between the day of his tête-à-tête dinner with Veronica and that date, Cesare de' Barletti had to undergo many buffetings of fortune. He was tossed backward and forward from sunshine to shade, by the selfish caprice of a little white hand—and these little white hands can strike hard sometimes. A man who has nothing to do from morning to night is glad of a habit which saves him the fatigue of deciding how he shall bestow himself at a given hour. He likes to say, "I *must* be with So-and-so this evening." It has a cheap air of duty. Thus mere habit had caused the Neapolitan princeling to be a regular visitor to the English baronet in the old days at Naples, when the latter was bound to his room by a fit of the gout.

The visits had been begun at the promptings of good-nature, combined with a natural taste for a superior cuisine. Sir John, at that time, employed a very accomplished cook.

Then in Florence it must be admitted that curiosity had been the chief spur which at first induced the prince to undergo the fatigue of sitting behind a cab-horse, and seeing him struggle up the steep road to Villa Chiari. He wanted to see the interior of the ménage, whose master and mistress seemed so ill-assorted. But very soon it began to appear to him a necessity of existence that he should pay his evening visit to the villa. He even found some satisfaction in his game of piquet. An Italian is usually amazingly patient of boredom: or, it may be, is unconscious of it, which is pleasanter for himself. Barletti admired Veronica extremely. And her presence was a strong attraction to him. By-and-by it began to occur to him that it might be worth his while to pay his court to this beautiful woman, after a more serious fashion than he had at first contemplated. Sir John was failing. He might die and leave a rich widow, who would become a prey to needy fortune-hunters; to fortune-hunters who would not have the same advantages to offer in exchange for wealth as could be found in an alliance with Cesare dei Principi Barletti! It would be a pity to see her sacrificed to such men as he had seen and known engaged in the chase after a wife with money. He made no definite plan, but suffered himself to drift on lazily, with just so much intention as sufficed to modify his behavior in many subtle, nameless ways. But after the incident of Sir John's indisposition there arose a different feeling in his breast toward her.

Barletti really had a fund of kindliness in him. He was becoming fond—with a fondness truer and more tender than that inspired by the fine contrast of diamonds on a satin skin—of this girl, so young, so beautiful, and so lonely! From the moment when she had appealed to him in some sort for advice and support, a fibre of manhood was stirred in him on her behalf. He would have even made some kind of active sacrifice for her. So, despite Sir John's irritability and insolence, Barletti continued to endure seeing his cab-horse toil up the hill overhanging the Ema, evening after evening.

And Sir John Gale did not scruple to make use of Barletti. He would give him little commissions to execute in the city, and expected him to read up the news of the day and retail the gossip of the hour for his amusement.

One afternoon, in search of this latter commodity, Barletti was standing at the door of the club with a knot of others.

"I remember him at Rome," said a portly man with dyed whiskers, continuing a desultory conversation with Barletti. "A red-haired man who hunted. Quite the type of an Englishman."

"That's a mistake you all make," observed a languid, spindle-legged young nobleman with a retreating chin. "I believe there are as many red-haired people in Italy as in England."

The spindle-legged young nobleman had married an English wife, and had been in England, and spoke with authority.

"No, no, it's the Irish that have red hair!" exclaimed a third. "Or the Scotch. I forget which."

"Zitto!" whispered the first portly speaker, as a tall old man appeared at the club door, "the captain won't hear you assert that the Irish have red hair!"

The captain was a half-pay officer, who played an uncommonly good game at billiards. He was understood to live chiefly by his wits; but he had the entrée to several distinguished families who clung—theoretically, for a more practical clinging would have involved an amount of inconvenience which it would have been mere Quixotism to encounter—to the old régime; he was a zealous Roman Catholic, and, it is scarcely necessary to add, was descended from one of the ancient kings of Ireland!

"Who has red hair?" asked the captain, in Italian flavored with a rich Kerry brogue.

"We were talking about a man I know here, un riccone, an immensely rich fellow," said Barletti.

"Indeed! Who is he?" said the captain, affably. He had no constitutional prejudice against rich fellows.

"Baron Gale."

"Baron *what?* I never heard the title."

"He is an English baron—Sir John Gale. I knew him in Naples."

"Oh, a baronet! Per Bacco!" exclaimed the captain, pronouncing the name of the heathen deity precisely like the last syllable of "tobacco," with a very sharp a. "It isn't Tallis Gale, is it?"

"No, no; John; Sir John Gale."

"Ay, ay, that is the baptismal name. But he took the name of Gale when he came into a fortune, being richer than enough already; that's always the way. He's a thin, high-shouldered man, with sandy hair and black eyes?"

"Già."

"And has a handsome wife?"

"Bellissima!"

"*That's* the man!" cried the captain, rolling the end of his cigar between his lips relishingly. "I knew him in Ireland in the year '49. My lady is a great beauty—*was*, that is, for she must be quite passée by this time—and married him for his money."

"Passée!" echoed Barletti, on whom that word alone, of all that the captain had uttered, had made an impression. "Diamine! What do you call 'passée?' She is as fresh as a Hebe, and young enough to be his daughter!"

"Pooh, pooh, my dear friend! There's some mistake. Lady Tallis Gale must be fifty if she's a day!"

The by-standers burst into a derisive laugh. Barletti had allowed himself to boast a little of his intimacy at Villa Chiari, and had exalted "miladi's" beauty to the skies. It is naturally agreeable to find that one's friend has been exaggerating the charms of a society from which one is one's self excluded. Barletti had to undergo a great deal of banter; and many pleasantries were uttered on the humorous topic of Lady Gale's supposed age and infirmities, which pleasantries being (like some other things which are grateful to the truly genteel palate, as caviare and old Stilton) of a somewhat high flavor, we may be dispensed from laying before the reader.

Barletti fumed and protested and gesticulated in vain. The joke at his expense was too good to be lost.

"That's why she never showed, then, in the Cascine or any where," said he of the spindle-legs, reflectively. That young nobleman was not, strictly speaking, imaginative, and had taken little part in the shower of jests which had been flung at Barletti. "I *thought* it was queer, if she was so handsome as all that!"

The conception of a strikingly handsome young woman who did *not* want to show herself in the Cascine was entirely beyond this young gentleman's powers of mind. He was as incredulous as an African to whom one should describe a snow-storm.

That evening Barletti, seated at the piquet-table opposite to Sir John Gale, caused the latter to dash his cards down with an oath, by asking him a simple question: "Have you been married twice, caro Gale?"

"What the devil's that to you, Sir?" demanded the baronet, when he had recovered breath enough to speak.

Barletti drew himself up a little. "Pardon, monsieur le baron," said he, "but I do not quite understand that mode of address."

At another moment he might have passed over the brutal rudeness of his host's words, but his *amour propre* was still smarting from the jeering he had received in the morning. He was therefore ready to resent a small offense from one from whom he had endured greater offenses with equanimity. That was not just. But man often deals as blindly with his fellows as fortune deals with him; and it is the first comer who receives the good or evil he may chance to hold in his hand, quite irrespective of the claims of abstract justice.

Sir John was not in a mood to take any notice of Barletti's sudden access of dignity.

"What put that into your head, pray?" asked Sir John, fiercely.

"No matter, monsieur le baron; if I could have conjectured that the topic was a painful one, I should not have adverted to it. Let us say no more."

"Trash, Sir! I insist upon knowing what you mean."

Barletti had resolved not to be bullied further, and had raised his head, confronting Sir John with a proud air, when he caught a glimpse through the glass door of a graceful figure, with long, sweeping skirts, passing slowly along the loggia. It was yet early. They had not dined. Although the card-table was illumined by a lamp, the daylight was not excluded, and the loggia, with part of the garden, was distinctly visible from the interior of the room. Veronica was pacing along with her head bent down in a pensive attitude. As she came opposite to the window she raised her head for a moment and looked in.

Sir John had his back to the window; but Barletti could see her. She looked full at him, and he saw, or seemed to see, something plaintively appealing in her eyes. It all passed so quickly that there appeared to be scarcely any pause between Sir John's last words and Barletti's reply, uttered coldly, but not angrily.

"'Insist,' caro Gale, is an absurd word to use. But if you really wish it, I have no objection to tell you what made me ask if you had been twice married. It is no secret. Your name was mentioned at the club to-day, and a man declared that he had known miladi years ago, and that she was—was not quite young now. I thought it might have been a former wife of whom he spoke. He said, by-the-by, that you had another name besides Gale—Salli—Talli—I forget it now."

Sir John laughed a little grating laugh. "Well," said he, taking up his cards again and arranging them in his hand, "I suppose you can judge for yourself about the correctness of your friend's information on one point, at least. Miladi would be much obliged to him if she could know that he said she was 'not quite young.' Ha, ha! I suppose the fellow was trying to hoax you. By-the-by, I would advise you, if you want to be in miladi's good books, not to tell her that you have been discussing her at the club. She's so devilish proud that she'd never forgive you. Allons, let us finish our game."

Barletti understood very well that he had got no answer to his question. But he was too glad to have avoided a quarrel with Sir John to care about that. And he was more glad than ever that he had commanded himself when Veronica entered and sat a little behind Sir John's chair, talking little and smiling less, but gentle, amiable, and looking exquisitely beautiful.

All through dinner her unwonted softness of mood continued. She had lately, as has been hinted, displayed a good deal of caprice and hauteur in her behavior to Barletti: so that her mildness was made precious by contrast. It was the last evening he was to spend at Villa Chiari. On the following day Sir John had decided to start for Naples.

"Good-by, prince," said Veronica, giving him her hand. It was the first time she had ever done so; and Barletti's heart beat suddenly faster as he clasped her fingers for a moment in his own.

"We shall see you in the winter?" added Veronica.

"I hope I shall be able to get away. I came here, thinking I should stay perhaps a fortnight, on some business for Alberto" (Alberto was his elder brother, and the head of the family), "and these tiresome lawyers have kept me broiling in Florence throughout the whole summer. Pazienza! I do not regret my detention," he added, a little awkwardly, as he bowed once more to "miladi."

Then he went away through the garden, past the broken fountain, and out at the wide gates. There his fiacre was awaiting him. But he told the man to drive on slowly, and stay for him at the foot of the hill. And after standing for a few minutes gazing at the old house, white in the moonlight, black in the shadow, he absolutely walked more than three-quarters of a mile down the hill, under the autumn sky spangled with stars; walked through the thick, soft dust, which speedily covered his well-varnished boots with a drab-colored coating. And even when he reached the foot of the descent he had not yet exhausted the excitement which made it irksome for him to sit still in a carriage. He paid the coachman and dismissed him, and tramped home through the streets on foot.

All which might have proved to a discerning eye that Cesare dei Principi Barletti was feeling powerful and unwonted emotion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Broadway has put on its holiday attire. Things new, beautiful, and wonderful peep out from the shop windows, attracting crowds of curious gazers, and enticing not a few to enter magic precincts where money vanishes mysteriously like—we pause for a seasonable similie—like hot buckwheat cakes from Tom's breakfast-plate; and Tom's a growing boy just come home from school to spend the holidays. If you have an overplus of greenbacks, and they rest uneasily in your pocket-book, there is no time in all the year like the present for disposing of them. You have only to take your Tom and his little sister, and start at Fourteenth Street; no—we are forgetting how rapid has been the up-town movement—you must begin somewhere about Twenty-fifth Street, and walk down until you are tired out. When you stop the pocket-book will be lightened, the greenbacks all gone. If, however, you have little or no money to spare, do not fancy that therefore you can not heartily enjoy seeing the beautiful things displayed, and help your boy and girl to have a good time in so doing. Leave your money at home if it need be, and learn how much pleasure may be experienced without the wish or expectation of possession. Of course the children will want to buy every thing—they would not be children otherwise; but they will learn some valuable lessons in a walk with you during the holidays without money.

Even a superficial survey of the rare curiosities, and the unique designs of every shape and size, for every place and purpose imaginable, with which shops are now filled, would lead one to fancy that ten thousand fairies had been working for dear life ever since the 25th of December, 1868, inventing and contriving what is so new, strange, beautiful, and hitherto unthought of. Whole columns would not suffice to enumerate a thousandth part in detail. And who *are* the inventors of all the pretty toys and nick-nacks Christmas brings to light? Where are they? And how many make a fortune by their work?

Indiana gets up lively stories of real life. For example: a widow living near New Albany held property of her deceased husband, which was her own without restrictions while she remained single, but which she could not dispose of if she married again. Rashly she married, and was discomforted to find she had lost control of her property. So she and her second lord agreed to quarrel every day in the presence of witnesses; then the husband applied for a divorce, and "incompatibility" was easily proved. The court granted the divorce. An hour was sufficient for the business-like lady to transfer the property to the husband from whom she had just been divorced; and in another half hour the dissevered couple were reunited in bonds of matrimony.

The boys and girls who have enjoyed so many happy hours in reading the adventures of Robinson Crusoe will be delighted to learn that a monument is to be erected over the grave of the author, Daniel Defoe, by six-penny contributions from children.

Admirers of Doré, and any who have a fancy for graphic, though horrible, delineations of the infernal regions, have still the opportunity of seeing Dante and Virgil walking through the frozen realms, with all the surrounding horrors. We think we should prefer studying this picture in July rather than in December; but if one feels chilly, he can turn to "Jephtha's Daughter," "Jonas," or some of Doré's illustrated works, which are on exhibition at the Doré Art Union.

There is still another royal authoress. The Empress of the French is said to be writing a history of her Eastern tour. The Queen of Spain was reported a short time ago to be writing her autobiography; and the Queen of England has long ago established her reputation in the literary world.

The *Court Journal* states that the favorite tragedienne, Miss Kate Bateman, has for the past five years been largely interested as a capitalist in silk manufactures. She is part owner of one of the finest mills in New Jersey, employing a large number of workmen, and doing a flourishing trade, and may be said to have given valued aid, at a time when it was an experiment, to the development of this particular branch of industry.

The Empress Eugénie, as a testimony of her appreciation of the Suez Canal and its originator, has presented M. De Lesseps with a magnificent vase, which is called "La Coupe de Suez."

Nausimografo is the name applied to a new machine which has been put in operation on a man-of-war at Naples. The inventor of this engine is chief machinist of the Royal Italian Navy. By its help the damage which a vessel has undergone can be ascertained, as well as its different movements. With this machine a commander in his cabin can watch the movements of his ship, and, after a battle, all its manœuvring can be ascertained. Very curious, that!

Overbeck, the celebrated German painter, has just died of heart-disease, at the advanced age of eighty. The Pope sent his apostolic benediction to the dying artist. His remains are to be interred in a vault in the Church of St. Bernard.

A child's faith in religious teachings is touchingly illustrated by a letter which recently passed through the Washington Post-office. The letter read as follows:

"*To God who lives in heaven:*

"Dear God: O, how I wish I could see you and tell you what i want, I want some new shoes and some clothes to wear to sundy school wont you by me some and a new dress for mamma and a new toy for the baby. Good by.

"A little beggar boy Tommy."

Not unlike the above, in spirit, was the postscript added by a little three-year-old to his evening prayer: "And, O Lord! please give me a new pair of boots—when you get ready."

What a jubilee there must be among the poor old horses, and all the protégés of good Mr. Bergh! A well-known old bachelor in this city has bequeathed $290,000, his entire fortune, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

There is a smart girl in St. John, New Brunswick, who would make a safe protector of any timid young man—if he can get her. Not long ago a youth was escorting our heroine from church one Sunday evening, when he was attacked by a gang of rowdies. He would doubtless have been severely injured had not his fair companion, instead of screaming helplessly, used her fists with such vigor and precision as to bring three of his assailants to the ground. Astonished at such resistance, the rowdies suddenly decamped.

Potato vines are to be utilized. A company in Fair Haven, Connecticut, is making arrangements to erect a factory in that place for the manufacture of paper pulp from potato vines.

A French journal—the *Mémorial de la Loire*—gives some singular details respecting an infant who has exhibited most remarkable electrical phenomena. The child died in November, and for nearly two weeks previous electrical lights manifested themselves with a vividness which astonished scientific men. The shocks, when approaching the cradle, were sometimes strong enough to knock one down! At the last moment of life the emanations of light became more intense, and even continued for several moments after death. The infant died quietly, without apparent pain, and it is not known of what disease. But if this strange story is true, scientific men have something to speculate upon and study. The friends would not suffer the body to be examined.

One of the most remarkable of marriage announcements was made not long ago by the minister of a parish church in a Cornish village, in the following terms: "My beloved parishioners, last Sunday evening I entered into an engagement of marriage with a gentlewoman of suitable age, a widow, and childless, like myself. With God's assistance, she will shortly take the place of that beloved wife lying in the church-yard yonder."

A recent visitor to Chicago writes: "I went to hear Dr. —— preach and pray Sunday afternoon. He prayed that the Lord would remove from Chicago all intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, licentiousness, fraud, profanity, cheating, and every form of vice; and then I did not hear the last few sentences, because I was thinking what would be left in Chicago."

We are happy to see that some of the newspapers regard the example of the little Wisconsin girl, aged eleven, who has knitted forty-eight pairs of stockings during the past year, as an example to be avoided, unless there is a stern necessity for such plodding industry. The health and future usefulness of any young child must suffer without plenty of outdoor air and exercise, and some time for indoor occupation, even more important, in these days, than knitting stockings by hand.

A respectable looking man recently entered a Utica restaurant, and ordered an elaborate dinner, including wine. Finally, lighting a cigar which he had ordered, he sauntered up to the desk, and said to the proprietor: "Very fine dinner, landlord; just charge it to me; I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had, you wouldn't let me have the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

"And I say I can't."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolver out of a drawer, leaped over the counter, and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you scoundrel!"

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impecunious customer, drawing back.

"That, Sir, is a revolver, Sir."

"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a cent for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

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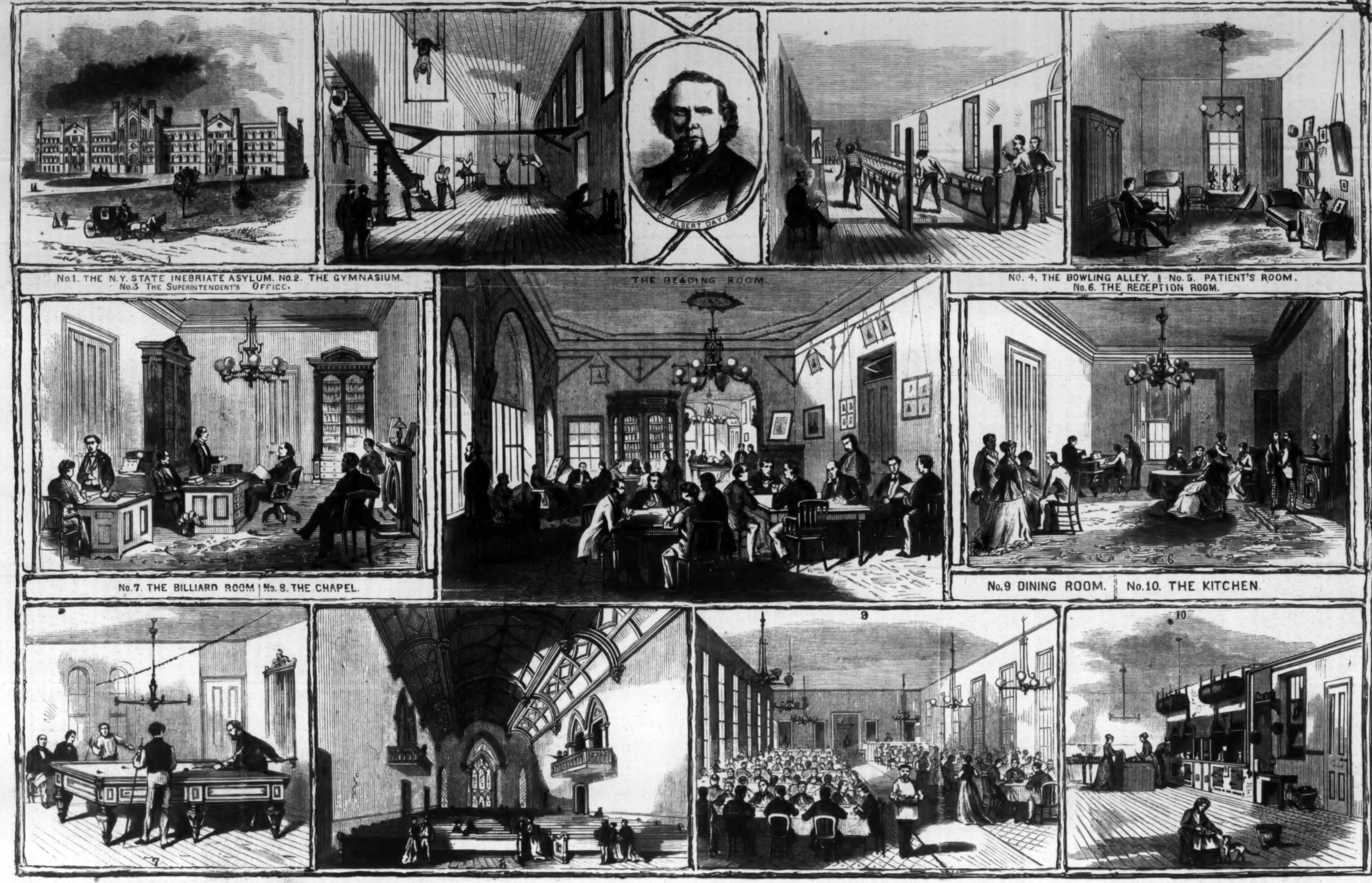
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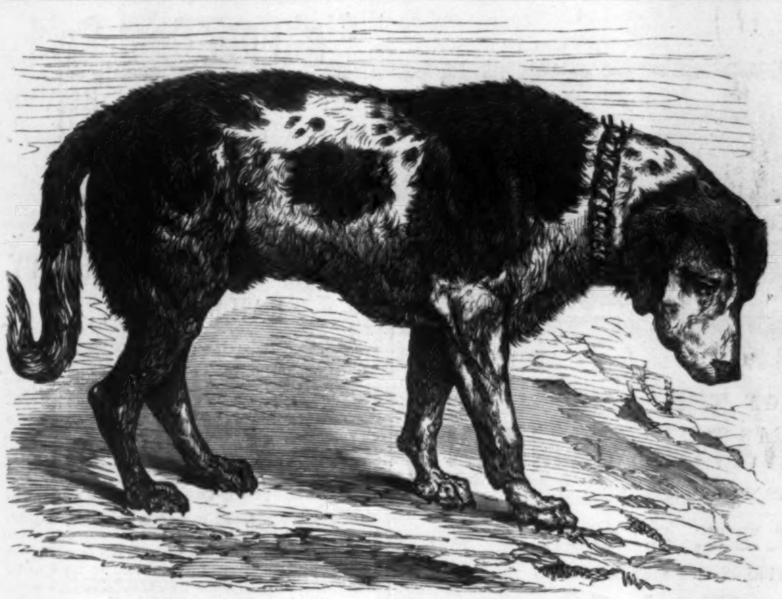
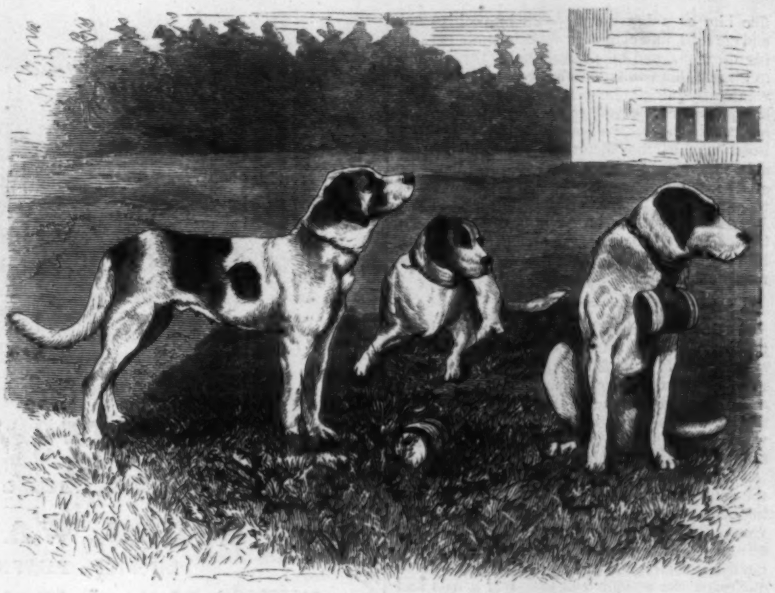
THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM, AT BINGHAMTON.—Drawn by C. E. H. Bonwill, New York.—[See Page 829.]


ST. BERNARD DOGS—"OLD BARRY."—[See Page 822.]


ST. BERNARD DOGS—"YOUNG BARRY."—[See Page 822.]

COVERED BY THE FLAG.

A striking illustration of the power of a neutral flag during a civil war like that now raging in Cuba, is given by the artist on this page. A man captured under circumstances that laid him open to suspicion was tried and condemned by the Spanish authorities; but being an Englishman by birth and an American citizen by naturalization, the consuls of the two countries interposed, and declared that the authorities had no right to put him to death. Their remonstrance being disregarded, they accompanied the condemned man to the place of execution, and there suddenly threw over him the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, and dared the authorities to put him to death. The menace had the desired effect, and the prisoner's life was spared.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give on this page a sketch of the burning of the Philadelphia Commercial Exchange, which occurred on the afternoon of the 7th inst. The fire was occasioned by the fall of a large chandelier, just as the building was lighted up, allowing an immense rush of gas, which took fire, and in a few minutes the whole structure was in flames. Nothing now remains of it except the walls and the lower story, which was arched with masonry, and was fire-proof. The building was erected on the site of the old Penn mansion, at a cost of $250,000, and was dedicated only last March.

THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM AT BINGHAMTON.

This beneficent institution, situated in the pleasant town of Binghamton, New York, was commenced more than ten years ago, but, owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, it has never been finished. The north wing was nearly completed when, a few years ago, it was fired by an incendiary and destroyed. A large body of workmen are now engaged in rebuilding it.

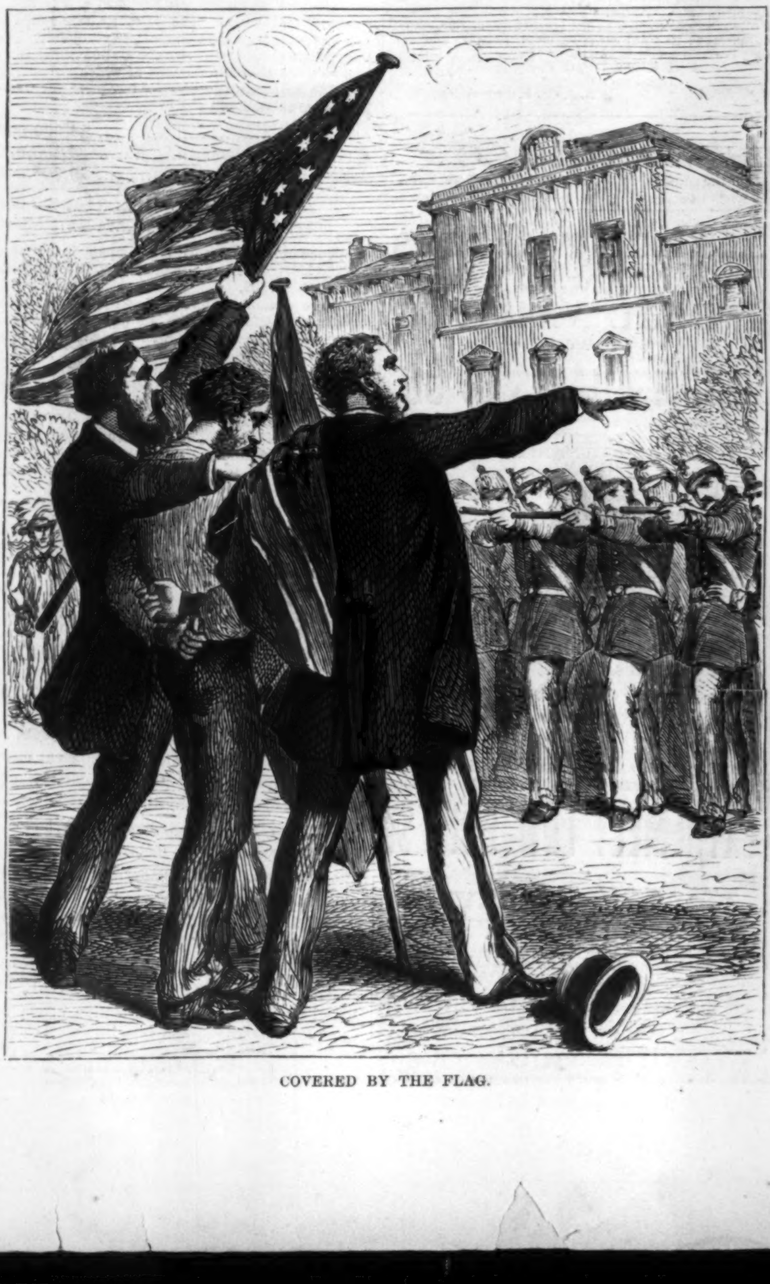
"FAVORITE."—[SEE PAGE 822.]

The structure, of which we give a series of illustrations on page 828, was commenced by private subscription; but the trustees were obliged to call on the State for aid, as the cost of construction largely exceeded the estimates and the means at their disposal. Up to the present time upward of $500,000 have been expended on the buildings and grounds. The site of the Asylum is on a sloping eminence, easy of access, and commanding magnificent views of the Susquehanna and Chenango valleys. Attached to the institution are 400 acres of land, 252 of which were given by the citizens of Binghamton, while the remainder was purchased by the trustees.

The building is in the castellated Gothic style of architecture. It is four stories in height. The length of the front is 365 feet, and the depth of the wings is 51 feet. It is built of stone, and handsomely finished inside with oiled oak. When completed it will accommodate 250 patients; the number at present under treatment is 80.

Dr. Albert Day, the Superintendent, took charge of the Asylum in the spring of 1867; and since that time 525 patients have been under treatment there, ten per cent. of whom were taken free of charge, the remainder paying a stated sum (about twenty dollars) per week for board and treatment. It is a melancholy fact that, with few exceptions, those now under treatment at the Asylum are educated gentlemen, representing the learned professions and the highest grades of commercial life. Most of the patients require medical treatment; but Dr. Day relies chiefly upon moral means for the permanent cure of inebriates, as, in his judgment, based upon long experience, the restoration of the power of the will alone can prevent a reformed inebriate from returning to the use of intoxicating drinks.

The name of this beneficent institution was unfortunately chosen, and tells against it in the minds of many persons who would be glad to avail themselves of its advantages. Strictly speaking, it is not an asylum, nor is it in any manner degrading to those who seek moral and physical restoration under its influences. It is rather a magnificent temperance hotel, where those who wish to free themselves from a terrible evil may put themselves under moral and religious influences of the most gentle and cheerful character, combined with elevating social advantages. As will be seen by our illustrations, which speak for themselves, ample facilities are afforded for intellectual entertainment and physical exercise. The reading-room is well supplied with books, magazines, and newspapers; and a literary society, composed of the inmates of the institution, meets regularly in a pleasant hall to listen to lectures and essays by some of the patients. Voluntary patients only are received; and Dr. Day justly congratulates himself on the success of the theory which claims for the inebriate a recoverable judgment, sensible affections, and moral responsibility; and which, refusing any longer to coerce him as a criminal or con-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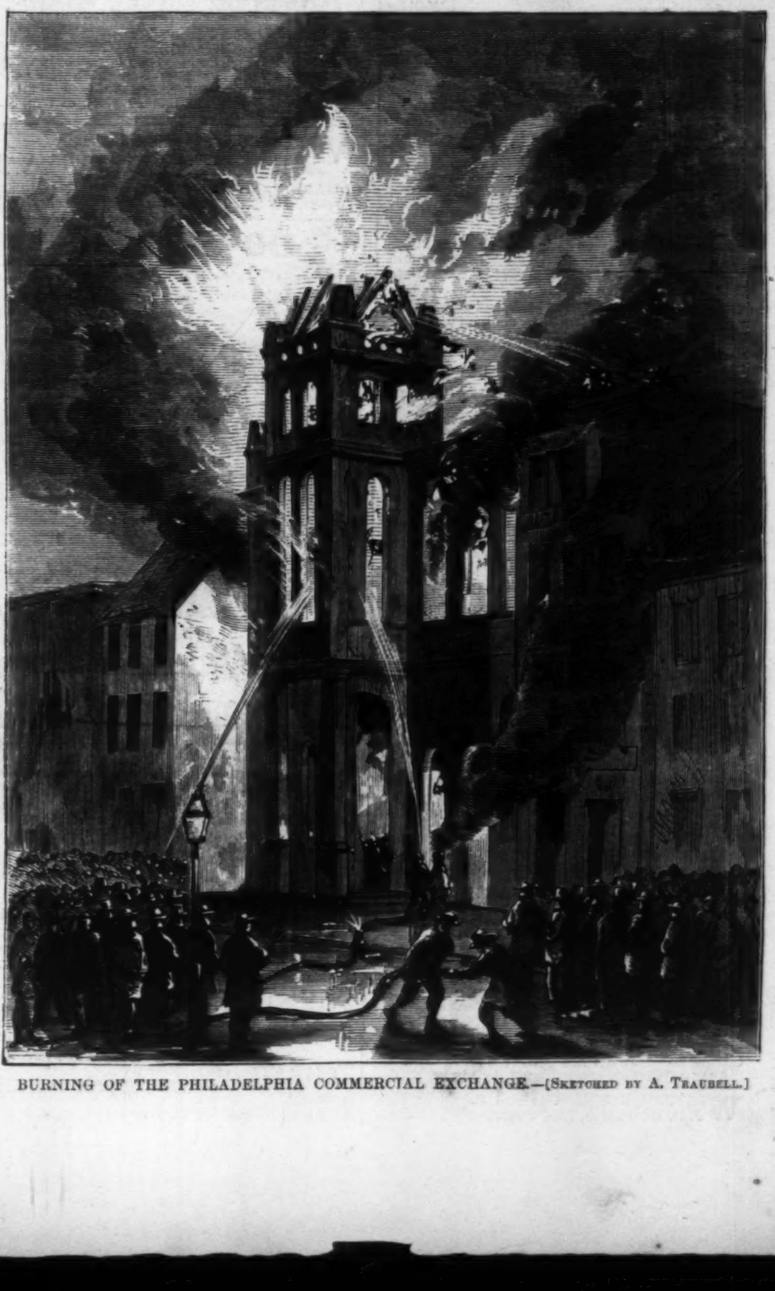
BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA COMMERCIAL EXCHANGE.—[Sketched by A. Traubell.]

fine him as a lunatic, proposes by positive aid and comfort, and confiding appeals to his reason, his affections, and his aspirations, to restore him to himself, his family, and society. The patient voluntarily submits himself, for a period more or less protracted, according to the indications of his condition and the history of his case, to an isolation which the officers study to render agreeable, and the mildest restraint he will submit to; and, secondly, shows that he can be *trusted*, his temptations, of course, being jealously checked. Very few who leave the Asylum, after undergoing a thorough course of treatment, ever relapse into their old habits—a fact that speaks volumes for its efficiency.

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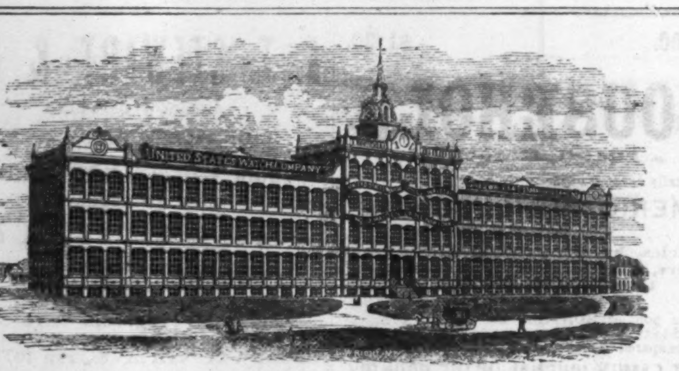

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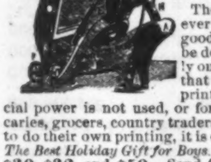

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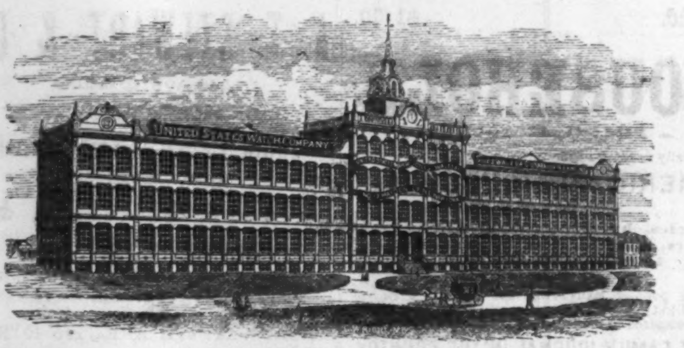

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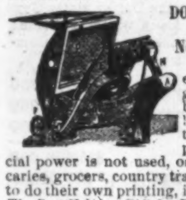

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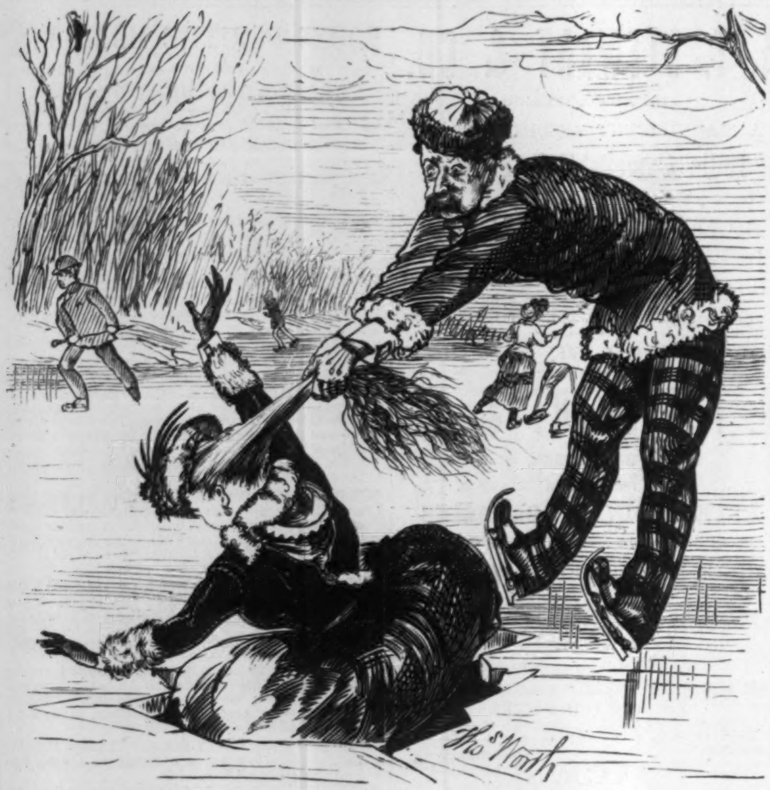

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